

THE  
**LADIES' MUSEUM.**

**New and Improved Series.**

**FEBRUARY, 1831.**

**THE CORPORAL.**

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

—“This was a man!”

“THE captain is desperate ill,” said the corporal, heaving a deep sigh, and concentrating all his manliness, in order to conceal the impression of deep affliction and the great change which it operated on his features; “he is ill indeed,” shaking his head, and striking his hand on his musket, which was slung on the wainscot by his side. “Now six weeks,” continued he, breathing heavily, “since he has done a day’s duty; but his heart is with his regiment;”—(the corporal’s heart was gushing in his eyelids)—“yes, his heart is with the corps; his mind ever bent on the particular welfare of his company, every man of which would die to serve him. And why? Because gratitude and pride make us all love him like a father and a friend. It was the glory of my heart to see him come on parade, the best dressed man in the army; it was music to my ears, to hear him give the word of command with his round harmonious voice. ‘Death! he could have made us do any thing. All was life, sprightliness, light heart, and lion-courage, when he headed his men; and then his grace, the condescension with which he would speak to a private, the dignity which he bore when he returned the acknowledgment for presented arms—Presented arms! did I say? Why, every man’s musket seemed to leap out of his hand, as if a body was electrified when we had to present arms to the noble captain; he looked like the King of men. But now, Joe,” turning to a comrade, “I fear he will never take his station at our head

again. He is much altered, yet still there was that encouraging smile which he used to have, and which made one feel as if one wished to have some danger to encounter, some risk to run, some hard duty to perform for his sake. Yes, Joe, the captain had the same smile two days ago, when I saw him last; but now,” looking down on the ground, and hiding his face in his bosom, “they say that nobody must see him but the doctor and his brother. It is a bitter day for his men: as for me, I am heartless, and I do my duty like a stick or a stone. But what, Joe, makes me stark-staring mad with grief and indignation, is to see certain people forgetting themselves and what they owe to his honour. There’s the eldest lieutenant, looking up for promotion; and there’s his servant, and be d—d to him, currying favour with the serjeant-major to recommend him to the adjutant to get him a new master. Paltry fellow! he ought to be too proud to serve another, for he will never get such a one again; and then there’s lance-serjeant Flint, looking forward to the first vacant halberd when the lieutenant gets a company; and when I was in his honour’s room last, I saw a young officer trying on his cap. Fie! oh, fie! ‘Your honour is better?’ said I to him, t’other day. He smiled like an angel, and said, ‘A little, corporal, very little;’ then holding out his hand to me, and looking what I cannot express of goodness, of resignation, of cheerfulness, and courage, he said in continuation, ‘Corporal, you and I have served many years

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together.' I could not have answered him if you had given me the wealth of the Indies, but I kissed his hand, a thing I never did before to man or woman, and the intended words 'I wish we may serve together *yet* many years,' died in my throat. As I bolted out of the room I heard him exclaim, 'Poor faithful fellow!' and now is it not an infernal shame that the mess-man should neglect his usual call to ask his commands, and that the orderly book should not be brought to him? I took it myself yesterday, but his servant sent me away with it, and said he could not read it. Joe, as long as his honour is here, I shall acknowledge no other commander than him; and if we lose him," striking his musket again, "devil a shoulder will I shoulder more, but take to my bed, and accept the pension which I might have had for applying for it last year. I stopped in the regiment purposely on his honour's account; and if he goes, my pride and attachment will follow him to the grave, and rest there with him. Shame on the man that would forget him who led him to glory, and was an ornament to us on parade; he, whose heart was, like the sun, cheering us on our march through life. If I had my will, his sword and his epaulettes should be put in a glass case, and be carried with the colours, until Time should disband us all." As he finished these last words the long roll beat; the corporal took up his piece with an air of recklessness, and heaving another long, deep, and heavy sigh, uttered, in a subdued tone, "Where is our poor captain?"

Such were the noble sentiments of a plain, honest man, rude in speech, unschooled in flattery, independent in his poverty, and upright in his attachment. The captain did not long survive, his manly beauty was withered like a leaf, and, like it, was mixed up with the clod of the valley, and (in the course of time) trodden under foot. The corporal, faithful to his resolutions, lost heart, and all conceit of his profession, of which he sickened from seeing so many instances of selfishness and worldliness, where brotherhood is so necessary in the hour of

trial, and so becoming in the season of ease and enjoyment; from beholding daily the brave and the great, the talented and comely, bound down under the tide of influence, forgotten and distanced in the race of favour and interest; so many, too, who fall in the meridian of life, "like a full ear of corn, whose blossoms 'scaped but withered in the ripening;" lastly, so many who, after being the favourites of fame and fortune, have scarcely died before they were forgotten, and perhaps vilified. The corporal sought no new commander, but retired and died in obscurity.

These are "the simple annals of the poor;" the tale of an honest and humble breast, beating under worsted lace, but with more generosity and fine feeling than we often find under ermine or embroidery, the star, or proud trappings of office, which latter is sometimes not dissimilar to the gay harness placed upon the hack.

There would be little in the corporal's story, if it led us not to something more—namely, to the same picture in a higher walk of life, to a likeness of this oblivion of declining power and strength, patronage and prosperity, past service and well-deserving; the cap and helmet, ay, and the coronet and diadem, are wrested by the eager hands of the impatient, anticipating heir or expectant, before the brow is cold which wore them; the false tear of the aspirant to power, domination, and riches, disappears suddenly, to return no more, when the scroll of a will, the lengthy rent-roll of estates, or the columns of a proclamation, meet his eyes; a flourish of trumpets, the *vivas* of sycophants, or the acclamations of a crowd, stifle the accents of decent mourning. What was the captain's case is that of many, indeed of almost all who have power, or even the external pageantry of authority to leave to their successors. The corporal's conduct was that of the few, who, having loved and served truly, look not forward to fresh patronage and future emoluments. This is, indeed, the only instance which has ever been deposited in the remembrances of

AN OLD SOLDIER.

## THE SEQUEL; BEING THE CAPTAIN'S FUNERAL.

"All present?" uttered (in a loud, distinct, but altered voice) the senior serjeant, handing, at the same time, the morning slate to the lieutenant then commanding the vacant company. "All present?" accented in a tone, which, unconsciously, conveyed this addition, "Save and except only him who was our pride, whose place is vacant amongst the children of men, and whose name, we hope, is now called over in the muster of a higher sphere, where all warfare is at an end, and the victory over death is achieved and will stand for ever." There is in a look, or an accenting of a word, a something indescribable, which speaks volumes; a break, a suspended respiration, a pause, a momentary silence, that can convey more than genius can dictate or eloquence can express, because here the soul breathes secretly in every circumstance; whereas in composition and language, contrivance and design may mar the genuine feeling of the heart. Of this nature was the reply of a sentry to a widow when she inquired after her departed husband. "Is Captain — in the barracks?" "Yes, madam, he *is* in the barracks." Here "*his mortal part*" was implied, and the look which accompanied the answer struck to the centre of the widowed heart: she needed no further information.

But I must not stray from my subject: the digression would lead me into the labyrinth of regrets, nay, into the shades of death, where many a brave heart lies mouldering, with its green laurels still flourishing around it. The company was more than usually minutiously soldier-like and well-appointed in its appearance; every motion performed by the men had the precision of clock-work, the firmness of animal force, resolved to do its best in discharging a last duty towards one whose presence and praise were no longer the main-springs of its exertion. The company composed the firing-party, sad, but honourable tribute to a soldier's manes! The whole regiment turned out for the funeral, sorrow was on the soldier's

brow, decent mourning pictured by gravity in the young, and a mingled tint of fading hope and coming resignation in the old, marked the features of the officers. The sad procession moved on, the muffled drum, ever and anon, picturing the tremulous state of the departing spirit, however high the courage of the expiring man might have stood in the annals of martial glory. The cap, the sword, and other warlike trappings on the coffin, seemed like proud, yet levelling, emblems of mortality; vacant the one, unavailing, to the deceased, the other: the sceptre and diadem are no more to him who reposes in the cold embrace of death. The act of inhuming now takes place; not a trace of his manly beauty, which shone, by turns, in tented field and lady's bower, remains; memory alone must sketch it, for the original is erased from the picture of life—his foot-step has fled for ever from country and home.

The last honours still remained to be paid—they were in the hands of the soldier. The firing-party had this last duty to perform, and here (if it be permitted to mingle the ridiculous with the sublime) I beg leave to mention the dutiful and regretful words of poor brother soldier Pat, touching the burial of his officer:—"Be sure," said Serjeant Fogarty to his men, "be sure to make a good fire; it is the last his honour ever will hear!" The error here was not in the heart, but in the head—not in feeling, but in judgment; and how many things are good in themselves, that still are out of time and place!

I think I now see the firing-party, fine young fellows! "Ready!" and every piece is levelled simultaneously. The volley meets the atmospheric breast in which it is lodged, once—twice—thrice! Echo returns the sound of the last fire; the smoke disperses and disappears. Even so does man: his vapour vanishes; the report of him, whether in good or evil, sinks into oblivion, as the rivers and streams are lost in the waste of waters. With the last flash the ceremony ends. The humility\* of the order of the procession is reversed, all the pomp and

\* In a military funeral, the first is last, and the last first (the higher ranks taking

circumstance of war recommence. No longer does the Dead March strike the ear, nor the measured step slowly indicate the approach to our last halt. A cheerful air raises drooping spirits, quick time shakes off the stupor of the brain, surrounding objects divide and distract the soldier's attention, whilst, perchance, lovely woman's smile makes the young militaire forget all past impressions, whilst he suns himself in Beauty's eyes, and displays

his plumage to the best advantage. Well, this is the picture of a soldier's life; it will still be the same, the representation only varying from the altered figures on the breathing canvas. The colours of mine are fading fast, and remind me that my allowance of time is but short. I will, therefore, not further consume that of my gentle reader, except with the good wishes of

AN OLD SOLDIER.

### A MIDNIGHT REVERIE.

ON HEARING THE WAITS PLAY ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

SWEET are your sounds at midnight's chime,  
 Ye wand'ring minstrels of the night,  
 Ye relies of the "olden time,"  
 Yet left unscar'd by Fashion's light!  
 Sweet are your sounds to wakeful ears,  
 Floating in distant harmonies;  
 That bring the scenes of earlier years,  
 In glowing tints, to Fancy's eyes!  
 They call to mind the good old creed,  
 The yule-cake, and the wassail-bowl;  
 When Christmas feasts were held indeed,  
 The feasts "of reason and of soul!"  
 When pastimes innocently gay,  
 Each jovial circle's mirth could show;  
 Nor bashful maiden turn'd away  
 From the kiss-granting mistletoe!  
 Forfeits were play'd the night to crown,  
 While music did the sports enhance;  
 And many a joyous pair went down  
 The good old English *country dance*;  
 But now we have the tame *quadrille*,  
 With mincing step, and lounging gait,  
 The giddy *waltz*, more odious still,  
 On which disgust and sameness wait!  
 Our grandames would have blushed to see  
 The tameness of *our* Christmas cheer;  
 Our grandsires mourn'd the frolic glee  
 That once to English hearts was dear!  
 Sweet are your sounds at midnight's chime,  
 Ye wand'ring minstrels of the night,  
 Ye relies of the "olden time,"  
 Yet left unscar'd by Fashion's light!

the last place in the procession). The whole of a military funeral is beautifully arranged; it is grave and imposing:—an impressive act of a real tragedy, brought home to every rank and capacity.

## LINES.

I GAZ'D on her, as on a thing  
 Not mortal or of earth,  
 A being of another sphere,  
 Of pure ethereal birth;—  
 And to my fancy's view she seem'd  
 Some sweet and early flow'r,  
 All lovely in its blossoming,  
 Yet withering in an hour—  
 The fragile stem too weak to bear  
 E'en the light blossom that was there!

I oft have mark'd twin roses grow  
 In beauty side by side—  
 The fairest of these tender things  
 Was e'er the first that died;  
 And so it was with her—her bloom  
 Was brighter, purer, far  
 Than *hers* who mourns her early death  
 With many a bitter tear—  
 And yet she died, and left me full  
 Of weeping for the beautiful!

She faded quickly, for that form,  
 So delicately fair,  
 Could ill sustain the weight of age,  
 Or blighted feelings bear—  
 She droop'd—while all around was gay—  
 All lovely to her sight—  
 Her gentle spirit wing'd away  
 To realms of blessed light:  
 All mortal thoughts had ceased to find  
 Existence in her seraph mind.

We mourn her in the circle where  
 She was the pride of all:  
 Where something every moment serves  
 Her memory to recall.  
 We mourn the sweetness of that voice,  
 To melody allied;  
 But most of all we mourn her loss  
 By her own home fire-side—  
 The violet never looks so fair  
 As in its scented native air!

But when the ills of life assail,  
 And shade me with their gloom,  
 I check my sorrowings, and feel  
 I should not mourn her doom—  
 For why lament that she is spar'd  
 The woes of future years?—  
 And wherefore weep her absence from  
 Our never-ending cares?—  
 Far brighter her ethereal bliss,  
 Than she could know in scenes like this!

MARIA S.—.

## SECRETS OF THE CONFESSORIAL.

## A TALE.

In this borrowed likeness of shrunk death  
 Thou shalt remain full two-and-forty hours,  
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

*Romeo and Juliet.*

BETWEEN Naples and Portici was formerly situated the Palazzo Morino, on a gentle eminence, commanding an extensive prospect of that delightful and romantic coast which Nature and Art have alike contributed to endow with all that can please the eye and feast the imagination. Sheltered by hanging woods of cork, chesnut, and evergreen oak, the palazzo was on every other side surrounded by its luxuriant gardens, that extended in front nearly to the waters of the bay. The beauty of its situation, and its vicinity to Naples, had contributed to render this palazzo a favourite residence of its possessors, the last of whom had spared no expense to render both splendid and commodious that residence at which he intended to pass the greater part of each year.

At the time our tale commences the palazzo was in an unusual degree splendid and gay. Alfieri, Count di Morino, had just returned with his countess from Rome, where they had been spending the honeymoon in one unbroken series of gaiety and pleasure; and the commencement of their residence at Morino was to renew, with little variety, the magic circle. Fête followed fête, each more splendid and costly than the last, and each but the precursor to another of yet greater magnificence, till pleasure began to degenerate into dissipation, and dissipation was quickly followed by satiety. At length a masquerade, to which all the nobility of Naples and its vicinity were invited, was fixed on as the last of this series of pleasures, which, from excess, had lost their *gusto*. The appointed time arrived, and, ere midnight, the palace was thronged with guests. The count and countess having received the first arrivals unmasked, and in elegant dominos, retired, and assuming characters, mixed with the throng, un-

known to all, and even to each other. Many gay groups, fatigued with the heat of the crowded apartments, had strayed out into the gardens, which were brilliantly illuminated for the occasion, every tree, every branch, covered with innumerable lamps of different colours, which, hanging in glowing clusters amid the dark foliage, looked like the jewelled fruit plucked by Aladdin. On the cool dewy breeze, rich with the perfume of the orange groves, was wafted the bland harmony of various instruments, whose performers were concealed in the surrounding shades. But nothing added more to the gaiety of the scene than the masquers themselves, whose various characters, for the most part supported with spirit and propriety, afforded the full contrast of the beautiful and burlesque.

But there was one group which attracted particular attention; it was assembled on a smooth grassy lawn, in a retired part of the gardens, completely enclosed by myrtle and orange trees, and, for the sake of contrast, or probably from inadvertency, was unlit and unadorned, save by the light of the full-orbed moon. Here, seated on a pile of cushions, and holding in his hand a lute, a young Improvisatore had assembled round him a motley audience of every possible character and costume that can be imagined. The youth was attired in the dress of an oriental minstrel, less splendid than tasteful and elegant. On his head he wore a white turban, devoid of any ornament, except one jewel of peculiar size and brilliancy that glittered amid its graceful folds. He was unmasked, and save that he spoke the language with the fluency and accent known only to a native, he might have been really supposed the character he assumed, so completely oriental was his whole appearance.

His figure and face were strikingly handsome: the latter was of a beautiful oval, with a complexion some shades darker than even that of Italians in general; over his high and noble forehead strayed one or two shining black curls, and the moustachios that fringed his upper lip, and the well-trimmed beard, were of the same colour, while beneath his arched brow peered out an eye dark, soft, and lustrous as the young gazelle's. He sang of love, and the motley group stood fixed in speechless attention, gazing on the varying emotions of his countenance, and listening, with delight, to the soft, low, musical tones of his voice. Monk, nun, clown, Spaniard, Greek, Manderin, juggler, hermit, all were alike enraptured with the lay and the singer; but there was one of the group who seemed more deeply interested by it than all the rest. This was a young sultana, attired with oriental splendour, her dress and person literally blazing with jewels; her face was concealed by a black silk mask, as also by a veil of silver gauze, which fell from her turban nearly to her feet. From the moment the minstrel had commenced his lay she had stood in the centre of the group, one foot advanced, and bending forward in an attitude of the deepest attention. Her interest increased as the narrative proceeded. The lay told of a lover long detained in a distant land, who returned to find the idol of his heart wedded to another—she gasped for breath, and her bosom heaved convulsively; he spoke the names of Berenice and Cesario—she uttered a faint shriek, and would have fallen to the ground, but that the arms of a dark-robed monk behind her were extended to receive her; in her agitation her mask fell off, and discovered the beautiful but more death-like features of the Countess di Morino! In an instant all was confusion, in the midst of which the minstrel, who was the immediate cause of it, disappeared. The countess was borne to her chamber, and was at length restored to animation by the voice and caresses of her husband, the dark-robed monk before mentioned. The count shortly after returned to her living and devoted husband. His

the company, and alleged the fatigue and excitement of the day as the cause of his wife's indisposition, and excuse for her non-appearance; but begged that her absence might be no bar to the continuance of the festivities. He was himself, however, dispirited, and this unpleasant incident had cast a damp upon the scene not to be dispelled; the guests gradually dispersed, and in a short time the palazzo was cleared of all but its inhabitants. But though this excuse passed current among the guests, the count himself was but too well aware of the real cause of his wife's fainting, with which it is fit also to acquaint the reader. The lay of the minstrel was too true a tale—Berenice was its heroine, and the Countess di Morino was that Berenice.

The only child of the Duke di Urbino, Berenice, had early fixed her affection on Cesario di Colonna, between whose family and her own there existed a deadly and hereditary hate. They loved, therefore, secretly and hopelessly. But at length Cesario was sent to fight under the Neapolitan standard, and in his absence the Count di Morino, struck by the surpassing beauty of Berenice, whom he had met at a public assembly, presented himself as a suitor for her hand. He was of one of the noblest and richest houses in all Sicily, and the Duke di Urbino, charmed with the splendour of the alliance, hesitated not to sacrifice his daughter's peace and happiness to his own avarice and ambition. They were united, and the better to reconcile his child to her fate, he spread a report of the death of her lover, which seemed too well ratified by his not returning home with the rest of the Sicilian and Neapolitan armies. The Count di Morino idolized his beautiful wife; he was, it is true, aware of her former attachment to Cesario di Colonna, but he trusted that his own passionate attachment, and the means which his immense wealth gave him of displaying it by the unbounded gratification of her every wish, would soon turn the affections of his youthful bride from the memory of her deceased lover, to her living and devoted husband. His

feelings, therefore, may be imagined on discovering, in the oriental minstrel, that rival whom he had thought dead, and hoped forgotten. He had seen Cesario but once, and would not, therefore, have penetrated his disguise, but for the unguarded mention of Berenice in his lay, and the consequent agitation betrayed by his wife. Rage and jealousy took possession of his heart, and stirred up all the evil passions of his nature; all night he strode up and down his chamber, revolving in his mind a thousand dark schemes for the gratification of his vengeance. What, too, were the feelings of Berenice! When the indissoluble knot was tied which united her to Morino, she had plunged headlong into the career of pleasure and dissipation to which he led her, in the vain hope of drowning the grief which preyed upon her heart; but though it might be banished for awhile in the dizzy hours of mirth and pleasure, it but returned with redoubled poignancy at every interval of solitude and repose; and even on the nuptial couch, and by the side of her husband, Berenice's tears flowed silently, though unceasingly, to the memory of her buried love. What then was her agony when he arose, as if from the tomb, to claim that faith she had plighted to another! While she believed him dead, she considered herself free to embalm his memory with her tears, but now that he lived indeed he was more dead to her than ever, for now it were sinful to think of him; she was no longer the mistress of Colonna, but the Countess di Morino, and though she did not, could not love her husband, she knew her duty as a wife, and resolved to perform it, however agonizing the cost. She determined to fly at once from a land which held all that was dearest to her on earth. But what reason could she assign to her husband for wishing to quit so precipitately the palazzo, which he had been at such cost to render agreeable to her? She resolved, if all other arguments failed, to throw herself at her husband's feet, confess her guilt and misery, and conjure him to accede to a measure so necessary to their mu-

tual peace. This virtuous resolution in some degree quieted the tumult of her mind, and, towards morning, worn out with watching and weeping, she fell into a profound sleep, from which she did not awake till the sun was high in the heavens. She hastily rang the bell, and inquired for her husband; he was not within, she was told; he had not been in bed that night, and was seen to leave his chamber at daybreak; he might be about the grounds. She dressed herself in haste, and went out for the purpose of seeking him.

Unconsciously her steps pursued the path through the shrubbery which led to the little retired lawn of which I have before spoken. In the midst of it still remained the pile of velvet cushions on which Cesario had sat, and beside them lay the lute he had dropped in the confusion which preceded his disappearance. Berenice sunk down on the cushions, and in an instant one image alone possessed her mind, and her heart reverted to all its scenes of past happiness. She thought on her first meeting with Cesario in the glittering ball-room, of their stolen interviews in her father's garden, of their last parting, with all its vows of love and constancy—"And how have I kept mine?" she exclaimed, aloud, in the bitterness of her anguish. "Am not I the wife of another? they told me thou wert dead, Cesario, else—"

"Dead!" repeated a tremulous voice, close beside her—"Cesario is not so happy; would he were!" and in an instant he was at her feet.

She started up with a faint shriek, and would have fled, but her strength failed her; she sank down again on the seat she had quitted. Struggling to overcome her emotion, she exclaimed, in a voice scarcely audible, "Cesario, this is cruel—it is ungenerous—what do you here? Go—leave me, I conjure you, if you have any pity for us both—if you ever loved me."

"If I ever loved?" repeated he, bitterly. "Oh, Berenice, none better know than you how I have loved, and do love still, faithless as you are!"

"And must no longer love, Cesario."

"Not love! Ere I can cease to love I must cease to live!" interrupted Cesario, impetuously.

"Then die!" thundered forth a voice behind them, and in an instant the count's dagger gleamed before their eyes. Berenice as instantly threw herself before her lover; the stroke descended, blood flowed, and Berenice fell lifeless from his arms.

The murderer fled; Cesario saw him not, stayed him not; he beheld but the inanimate form at his feet. He raised her up, bore her into the house, and medical aid was instantly summoned. But on the most careful examination neither scathe nor scar was found on her person, and the blood which stained her white robe had flowed from the arm of Cesario, which had been slightly wounded in endeavouring to shield her at the moment she so fearlessly interposed her person between him and her husband's dagger. The over-excitement of the moment had then alone produced the death-like swoon in which she lay, and the usual remedies for restoring suspended animation were tried, but in vain. No art could recall warmth or colouring to her marble form; no drop of blood followed the friendly incision of the lancet; there was not breath enough in that still bosom to move the lightest fibre of the eider down which they laid upon her lip, or to sully the bright Venetian mirror they held before it:—at length, with anguish and horror, they were compelled to credit the assertions of the medical attendants, that life was for ever extinct—that the hapless lady was dead! It is impossible to describe the distress that followed this discovery; I shall, therefore, pass over the next forty-eight hours, and beg the kind reader to accompany me to the church of San Dominico, where the ensuing scene of my story is laid.

Vespers were just over, and the stately edifice had sunk into silence and darkness, only interrupted and broken by here and there the faint rays of a lamp burning before the image of a saint, or the passing footsteps, or muttered orisons, of some lingering devotee. At the upper end of the centre aisle, and before the chief

altar, was seen a low bier covered with a pall of black velvet; on it lay the body of a young and beautiful female, dressed in a robe of white satin, her dark hair wreathed with a chaplet of white roses, and her waist, wrists, and bosom, sparkling with jewels, whose brilliancy contrasted mournfully with the stillness and ashy paleness of the form they were meant to adorn. At her head and feet burnt four immense wax tapers, in silver sconces. Around the bier stood a group of monks, whose office it was to watch through the night that body, which, on the morrow, was to be committed to the tomb; they were chanting, in a low and solemn tone, the funeral dirge.

Suddenly a hasty tread was heard, and a cavalier, whose person was muffled in an ample cloak, and his face shaded by the plumed hat carefully slouched over his brow, advanced, with hurried and unequal step, up the centre aisle. When he was within a few yards of the bier, he suddenly stopped, and motioned, with his hand, for the monks to withdraw. They retired a few paces, and the stranger, rushing impetuously forward, threw himself on his knees beside the bier, and, burying his face on the bosom of the deceased, seemed, by his stifled sobs, and the convulsive movement of his chest, to be struggling with an emotion that threatened to suffocate him. The monks, awed by the sacredness of grief, ceased their chant, and retired into the deep recess of an oriel window behind the altar. Relieved from the restraint of their presence, the stranger's emotion became less convulsive, and his tears flowed abundantly. At length he raised his head, and fixing his eyes on that countenance, beautiful even in death, he grasped her cold hands in his; he spoke to her, called her his Berenice—his own, his only love!—his life!—his soul!—conjured her to look upon him, to speak to him a single word, though it were but to curse him as her murderer! Then he stopped to gaze on her again with a fixed and breathless eagerness, till, in the wild delirium of his grief, he fancied her dark eyes shone on him beneath their heavy lids, and that her

pale lips moved to answer him. And then, laughing in bitter mockery at his self-deception, he would throw himself frantically beside the bier, and wish that he were dead, so he might share the narrow bed of her, his own and only love ! At length the chimes of the convent bell roused him to a sense of his situation, and reminded him of the lateness of the hour. He sprung up and cast a last look on that loved form which the envious tomb was so soon to hide for ever from his sight, when, as he stooped to press his lips on that forehead, cold and white as sculptured marble, he fancied he perceived a slight quivering of the eyelids, and a tremulous movement of the lips, accompanied by a faint tinge of colouring on the cheeks. Did his doting fancy again deceive him with false appearances and visionary hopes ? he pressed his hand upon her left side, and a faint, irregular fluttering was distinctly palpable. "She lives ! she lives !" he exclaimed.

"He raves !" returned the monks, as, crowding round the bier, they saw the stranger sitting on it, and supporting in his arms what they supposed to be the body of the deceased lady. But no, he did not rave, save with a joy as frantic as had lately been his despair ; the warmth and colouring which gradually revisited the surface of her skin, the fluttering pulse, and quivering limb, all attested the struggle of returning animation ; and, by the assistance of the awe-stricken monks, who were prompt and ready with cordials and restoratives, the beautiful tenant of the bier was soon in full possession of all her corporeal faculties. But when she first raised her eyes to those of her preserver it was with a look of such vacant imbecility, that he exclaimed, in a voice of agony, "Father of mercies ! hast thou restored me her animated clay, and dost thou withhold the immortal spirit ?" then, turning to the unconscious Berenice, he clasped her hands in his own, saying, "Berenice ! my own beloved ! dost thou not know me ?"

She started, as if hearing for the first time that beloved voice—an expression of joyful recognition took

possession of her countenance, and she replied, in a hurried whisper, "Yes, yes, I know thee now, thou art my own Cesario ;" then added, casting a fearful glance at the monks who surrounded them, "but don't tell them that I live, or they will kill me—they will kill me !" she repeated, raising her voice to a shriek of terror, throwing herself into his arms, and hiding her face on his shoulder.

"Thank Heaven !" fervently ejaculated the young cavalier, "her senses do but wander ; if I can bear her hence all may yet be well. Pray for her, holy fathers," added he, dropping his purse on the altar, as his carriage drew up to the church door, summoned by a lay brother :—he lifted her into it, and seating himself beside her, supported her head upon his shoulder.

As they rolled away from the abbey her agitation gradually subsided, and she sank into a slumber so calm, yet profound, that it was not broken by the stopping of the carriage at the Hotel —, where Cesario, alighting, bore her, wrapped in his cloak, into a spacious and elegant apartment, where, laying her on a couch, he sat down to watch, with anxious tenderness, the repose which he hailed as the remedy best calculated to restore to its wonted serenity her mind, shaken and bewildered by the late painful occurrences. Nor was he deceived : after a couple of hours of tranquil and refreshing sleep, Berenice awoke, fully conscious of her past escapes and present situation ; she awoke to find herself in the arms of her lover, to feel her cheek wet with the tears of love and gratitude, and to hear him passionately plead to be permitted to devote himself to the protection and happiness of that life which he had been the happy instrument of saving.

"But my husband, Cesario : you do not consider—"

"Husband !" interrupted he, hastily ; "call him so no longer :" he led her to the window : "look there," he continued, pointing to the moon, which was sailing in full majesty along a cloudless sky ; "to-morrow night it would have shone upon your tomb"—

she shuddered. "Death severs every tie; your husband's dagger, then, has cut the bonds that bound you to him: he has fled, and left you free. Turn, then, my soul's dear idol! turn to these arms that have so lately snatched you from the jaws of death, and they shall be your home of love, your shield from every ill!"

How eloquent is love's sophistry when breathed by the lips we love! Berenice listened, wept, and yielded. At the early dawn of that day which was to have witnessed the obsequies of the Countess di Morino, she was far on her way to Venice with her lover, from whence they embarked in a vessel bound for England.

They took an elegant cottage *orneé*, in Devonshire, which, for the beauty of its situation, and the romantic scenery surrounding it, might have vied with their own delightful palace at Morino. Here, happy in each other, and beloved and esteemed by the chosen few whom they admitted to their acquaintance, two years glided on in uninterrupted felicity. But, alas! in the spring of the third, a slight cold, neglected, was productive of the most fatal consequences. The wasting form and fading cheek of Berenice soon gave evidence that consumption, that scourge of our unhappy land, had begun to prey on her delicate frame. No sooner was he aware of her danger than he hurried her to town, and for many weeks their house was the resort of the most eminent of the medical profession; but their knowledge and experience were resorted to in vain. Berenice grew rapidly worse, and at length they gave it as their unanimous opinion that breathing again her native air was the only chance which remained for her recovery. It may be easily imagined with what distress and terror Cesario heard this fatal sentence pronounced. To Italy they could not return without great danger of being discovered by the husband or family of Berenice; but to Sicily the passage was open, and for that island they immediately embarked, and arrived safely after a quick and prosperous voyage. The predictions of the faculty were justified by the event; in a few weeks

Berenice was convalescent; but fearing to leave a climate from which she had derived so much benefit, they established themselves at Agrigentum.

Meanwhile, great was the consternation of Morino, when the disappearance of the countess was made known; and various were the suspicions and conjectures to which it gave rise. By some, among whom were her own family, her husband was supposed to be the partner of her flight, who, it was said, had left the country ashamed and afraid to show his face after an event which had nearly proved as fatal as disgraceful. Others, however, supposed the unknown cavalier to be some favoured lover; and a few of the most daring even went so far as to say, that the whole was a delusion of the devil, or of the monks. At length this wonder shared the fate of all others—was marvelled at and forgotten.

That which effectually prevented the mystery from being penetrated, was the report current of Colonna's death, which met him at his first landing on his native shore, together with a rumour of Berenice's marriage, which determined him to keep his arrival secret till he had ascertained its truth. He accordingly took lodgings under an assumed name, in a large hotel in the heart of the city, resolving that if his adored Berenice was indeed married, he would leave for ever his native land, and seek on the battle field an honourable termination of that life, which would then have lost all charm for him. We have seen how the same effects were produced by opposite causes, inducing him to quit his native country, as he had returned to it, unknown and unthought of, save by the partner of his flight.

It was about ten years after the events we have recorded, on a dark November evening, about an hour after vespers, that a handsome equipage drew up to the west gate of the great church or cathedral of Agrigentum; a lady deeply veiled issued from the sacred portal, attended by a lay brother. At the door she was met by two domestics bearing torches, who preceded her to the carriage which awaited her, and into which she was

about to step, when suddenly a figure, muffled in a cloak, darted from behind a cluster of pillars which had concealed him from view, and springing upon the lady, ere hand could be raised or cry uttered, had sheathed his poignard in her bosom, and laid her at his feet a lifeless corse. The alarm was instantly given, and the assassin secured without a struggle or remonstrance on his part, remarking only as he looked on his victim with the exulting laugh of a demoniac: "She is dead enough now!" On raising the body of the hapless lady, it was found that the steel, too true to the ruffian intent of him who aimed it, had penetrated the heart, and life was instantly extinct. The beauteous corse was lifted into the carriage and borne home by the affrighted domestics. But who can describe the frenzy of Colonna, when on returning from Palermo, whither he had been to transact some affair of moment, he found his beloved, his idolized Berenice, whom he had left three days before in perfect health and apparent safety, a lifeless corse! He flew to the cathedral, imprecating curses on her murderer, and beheld in the person of the unknown assassin, her husband, the Count di Morino! Reason sank under such an aggregate of horrors; and when at length time had subdued the frenzied ravings of despair, a profound melancholy, not unmixed with remorse, took possession of his mind, and induced him to abandon the world, and seek an asylum in a convent of Benedictine monks, adjoining the cathedral where reposed the ashes of his beloved Berenice.

It now only remains to account for the unexpected appearance of Morino, and his meeting with his ill-fated countess at the door of the cathedral of Agrigentum.

It may be remembered, that on the morning which followed the Festa di Morino, the count fled precipitately from the gardens, imagining himself the murderer of his wife. He remained concealed, however, in the neighbourhood till his fears were confirmed, by learning, that on the following day the lifeless body had been conveyed by her friends to the church

of the Dominicans, and dreading their vengeance, he instantly left the country and escaped into France. Here he resided two years, till fancying himself safe from pursuit, he passed over into Sicily, and under an assumed name took up his residence in Agrigentum. Regarding himself as a murderer, he shunned all society, and gave himself up a prey to remorse. He had resided about a twelvemonth in Agrigentum, when on the fatal November eve before mentioned, having in vain sought to drown in wine the tumult of his bitter thoughts, he rose from his solitary table, flushed and excited, and wrapping himself in his cloak, he rushed into the street, and sought to allay the fever of his blood in the cool evening air.

He paced the streets with hurried tread, unconscious whither he went, till he found himself suddenly before the west gate of the cathedral. Vespers were over, and the building appeared silent and deserted. He leant his back against one of the massive pillars that supported the portico, and with folded arms stood listlessly contemplating the moon careering fleetly through a murky sky. He was suddenly roused from the reverie into which he had fallen, by hearing his own name pronounced in a hurried whisper, apparently close beside him. He started and looked around; nobody was in sight, and he resumed his former position, thinking it must have been a delusion of his over-heated imagination; but no, he again heard the same voice speaking in a low soft whisper. He now saw that the portals were but partly closed, and peeping in between the crevices, he discovered a light glimmering at a distance: he applied his ear, and found that the voice proceeded from thence in the direction of the high altar. He distinguished the soft tremulous tones of a female voice, and then the deep, manly, and impressive accents of another, addressing to her, by the title of daughter, words of soothing and encouragement. He began to comprehend that he was about to overhear the Secrets of the Confessional, (though totally at a loss how to account for this phenomenon, as he knew the confessor's chair was

close to the high altar, and at the further extremity of the church).\* Unwilling to become the repository of secrets not addressed to his ear, he was about to withdraw from the portico, when the names of Colonna and Morino attracted his attention, and he remained rooted to the spot to hear a tale which harrowed up his soul. His wife, whom he had mourned as dead, for whose sake he was an outcast from the world; she whom he had "loved not wisely, but too well," for whom remorse had wrung his soul to madness, she lived! lived for his rival!

The voices ceased; a light approached. Morino retired into the

shade of the portico; Berenice advanced; she unconsciously lifted her veil as she passed the hiding-place of her husband, and the light of the torches fell full on her countenance. He gazed for one moment on its pale but matchless loveliness, and the next she lay bleeding at his feet.

Little more remains to be told. The shuddering priest stood beside the dying couch of the murderer, but his pious exhortations were lost in the frantic ravings of delirium, and a few short feverish hours dismissed the struggling spirit from its earthly tenement.

E. M. S.

### THERE IS NOT ONE FAMILIAR FACE.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

THERE is not one familiar face  
Where many lov'd me once!  
I speak aloud—the lonely place  
Returns no kind response!  
Where I and others rov'd, I see  
Another roving race;  
Gay smiles are there—but ah! for me  
Not one familiar face!  
  
Where are they now, the young, the gay!  
—No longer gay and young;  
O'er some, too early snatch'd away,  
The cold earth hath been flung:  
The rapid stream—the shelter'd seat—  
Each spot unchang'd I trace,  
But mournful is the scene—I meet  
Not one familiar face!

### L' ISOLEMENT.

BY WILLIAM MINOT, JUN. ESQ.

It was a bright May morning, and the Sun,  
A broad stupendous glory, blaz'd upon  
The laughing Earth that spread beneath his eye  
Which seem'd in pride to woo it lovingly!

\* The great church of Agrigentum is noted through all Sicily for a remarkable echo, something in the manner of our whispering gallery at St. Paul's, though more difficult to be accounted for. If one person stands at the west gate, and another places himself on the cornice at the most distant point of the church, exactly behind the great altar, they can hold a conversation in very low whispers. For many years this peculiarity was but little known; and several of the confessing chairs being placed near the great altar, the wags who were in the secret, used to take their station at the door of the cathedral, and by this means heard distinctly every word that passed between the confessor and his penitent."—*Brydon's Tour through Sicily and Malta*.

But I—I bent above the dying bed  
 Of one that was my friend—I held his head,  
 And stretch'd my feverish hand to close his eye,  
 And fearfully watch'd his noble spirit fly !

We were alone—the living and the dead—  
 I gaz'd upon the face of him that slept;  
 And on his brow and parting lips I read  
 A voice that told me he was gone—I wept !  
 Oh, what a tale was there ! how deeply fraught  
 With that vast power that o'ermasters thought—  
 That dread, yet mighty spell that leaves behind  
 The trammell'd glories of the loftiest mind.

We look—and dread—and shrink—yet know not why—  
 At the pale corse—the cold lustreless eye,  
 For death is graven on our hearts..... We feel  
 A something which we cannot all reveal,  
 'Tis fear and yet it is not fear—a pow'r  
 All-voiceless and all-tearless wraps that hour  
 In a wild, undefin'd, yet solemn dread  
 That forces for awhile our gaze upon the dead !—  
 Then bursts forth sorrow in its bitterest grief—  
 Sorrow, which for a time disdains relief—  
 A shudd'ring and almost revengeful thought  
 Against the pow'r which such a deed hath wrought :—  
 This is the frenzy-fit of grief, it burns  
 Almost to madness.—Then the spirit mourns,  
 And tears allay the fever of the brain,  
 And peace, by slow degrees, comes back again.

Such was my fate—yet, oh ! how different his,  
 For his pure soul had stol'n to realms of bliss !  
 Such was my fate.—For many an after year  
 I mourn'd the setting of so bright a star.  
 My passionate grief had past—a tenderer woe  
 Had chasen'd but not clouded o'er my brow ;  
 My tears were even sweet—I'd learn'd to raise  
 To Him who smote a song of grateful praise.  
 I said he was my friend—I said he died—  
 But none, when he was gone, his place supplied.  
 He was the brother of my soul—a flow'r  
 That budded sweetly on my spring-tide hour.  
 His mind was wisdom's centre—and his heart,  
 Replete with all that angels can to man impart,  
 Was in itself an excellence so bright,  
 That, like a sun, it shed a cheerful light  
 Where'er its influence came—where'er it shone—  
 Where'er its blessed harmony was known !  
 That heart—it knew but one corroding pain,  
 For it had lov'd and was belov'd again :  
 But Julia, who had been its dearest pride,  
 In all her blooming loveliness had died !  
 And he could ne'er forget that hour, 'twas rife  
 With those consuming thoughts that wither life.  
 His mind, tho' heav'n-illumin'd, could not bear  
 The ever-burning grief that fester'd there.  
 It was not that he murmur'd at the fate  
 That left him thus so deeply desolate,

Oh no ! he knew his Julia bless'd, and bow'd  
 In purest resignation to his God :  
 But his heart broke—'twas too ethereal far  
 To rest alone upon this earthly sphere—  
 His spirit mourn'd for her who past away,  
 And follow'd her to realms of endless day.

One grave holds both—the beautiful—the lost—  
 The lov'd—and I who knew and lov'd them most,  
 I, the last mourner o'er their hallow'd tomb,  
 O'erburden'd with long years await my doom—  
 That doom to many fearful, yet to me  
 The day-spring of a broad eternity !  
 For he, who, in his weary pilgrimage  
 From blighted youth to care-corroded age,  
 Has felt his sick'ning spirit day by day  
 Withering—yet still surviving life's decay—  
 Looks and intensely for that glorious hour,  
 Big with the mandate of Almighty pow'r,  
 When his glad soul, from earthly bondage riv'n,  
 Shall rush triumphant to the gates of Heav'n,  
 And there behold amid th' angelic train,  
 The lost—the lov'd on earth restor'd again.  
 How sweet that hope—how bright—how beautiful—  
 Of life, and light, and glory, oh ! how full !  
 It spreads the soul into a world of love,  
 And bears it panting to the realms above ;  
 All earth and earthly objects fade away  
 Before that pure and heav'nward hope !—a day  
 All cloudless and ethereal, steeps the sight  
 In such absorbing blessedness of light,  
 That a soft, holy gladness, all unknown  
 To mortal musings, gently steals upon  
 The hour, till forms we long have wept appear  
 To dress in smiles the eye that lately bore a tear !  
 Such glimpse the saint will sometimes have of Heav'n,  
 Such holy joy by mercy will be giv'n,  
 At the tranc'd close of life's eventful day,  
 Just ere departing Nature melts away ;  
 Just ere the soul, long tir'd of earthly things,  
 Spreads for its heav'nward flight its heav'nly wings !  
 'Tis then that pure celestial harpings meet  
 The charmed ear in strains so soft and sweet,  
 That pain and grief are lost, while ev'ry sense  
 Is mingled with this seraph-eloquence—  
 This music-call to Heav'n—this voice of love  
 That fills the heart—a whisper from above !

One grave holds both—their names—their age—their love—  
 Are rudely sculptur'd on the stone above.  
 But oh ! what epitaph can ever tell  
 The heart's cold sickness in a last farewell !  
 How vainly do we strive to picture forth  
 In mortal language a seraphic worth !  
 The heart may pant—the soul may burn to speak—  
 But man's best energies, alas ! are weak—  
 An angel's spirit with an angel's tongue  
 Alone could picture truth in such a song

How many, e'en in youth's ecstatic reign,  
 Have felt the chill, the spirit-breaking pain  
 Which withering left no hope of joy—it came  
 Like a swift sudden blight—a rapid flame  
 That pass'd in brightness o'er the lovely flow'r,  
 But turn'd it black and scentless in an hour !  
 Such was his fate who sleeps with Julia *there* :—  
 'The morning of his life and love was clear  
 Even immortally—at least so thought  
 The heart, ah ! fondly faithlessly o'erwrought  
 With a too blissful hope ! that hope was vain,  
 She died—and he—he never smil'd again—  
 That blight had reach'd his heart—that rapid flame  
 Had left him nothing but his being's name.  
 He walk'd awhile earth's dark and cheerless night,  
 Then pass'd for ever to the realms of light !

The grave no longer holds them—but on high  
 They live and love thro' all eternity !  
 An immortality of joy is theirs,  
 But mine—still mine life's full and feverish cares !  
 Oh ! Memory, thou two-fold pow'r, that brings  
 Nor joy nor sorrow singly on thy searching wings ;  
 Say why to me should pain more vivid be,  
 Than those sweet traces of felicity,  
 Which surely are recorded in that page  
 Where thou hast written all my pilgrimage !—  
 And Hope, fair Hope !—oh ! why o'er others throw  
 In future dreams a balm for present woe,  
 While not a smile to me is giv'n to cheer  
 One anxious thought or one corroding care !  
 Yet there *is* hope, and *e'en* for me—a hope  
 Which in its sweetness hath the pow'r to cope  
 With sorrow's bitterest tear—it springs from Heav'n  
 And thitherward again its course is giv'n  
 Bearing my soul with it—and centring there  
 Points me to joys beyond the reach of care !  
 And Memory, mingling with a hope like this,  
 Assumes the likeness of a treasur'd bliss !

The grave no longer holds them—and their home  
 Is fixt where tears and sorrows never come.  
 Around Jehovah's throne—an angel pair,  
 They fan with heav'ly wings the blessed air—  
 Around Jehovah's throne—they join the throng  
 Of choral angels to the heav'ly song—  
 Around Jehovah's throne—they breathe the pray'r  
 Of heavenly praise to Him who plac'd them there—  
 Around Jehovah's throne—they drink the joys  
 Deep, boundless, and unnumber'd of the skies.

## HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—FRANCE.

## No. I.

## THE TOURNAMENT.

“ ROSALIE—beneath thy gaze my young heart’s pulse has bounded—  
Rosalie—to sing thy praise my wild harp’s-strings have sounded—  
I’ve proved myself thine own true knight at barriers\* and in bower,  
By every token that beseems a gallant troubadour.

Then say, may such devoirs pretend to love so haught as thine?—  
Say, Rosalie, my ladye-love! oh, say wilt thou be mine?—

“ Rosalie—I’ve flung aside my harp in silent slumbers—  
Rosalie—I’ve joined the bands the first whom battle numbers—  
I’ve proved myself thine own true knight where death-bolts darkly shower,  
And proudest deeds of chivalry have graced thy troubadour.  
Then say, may such devoirs pretend to love so haught as thine?  
Say, Rosalie, my ladye-love! oh, say wilt thou be mine?”

The singer was a young man of noble and commanding appearance, who, cased in complete armour, and mounted on a Barbary steed, which seemed to have borne its rider many a weary league, was slowly, yet evidently with the jaded animal’s utmost speed, pursuing his road to Moulins.

It was one of those inclement autumn evenings which intimate the near approach of winter. The sun was setting in sullen majesty, and the frequent hollow gusts of wind that swept from the trees, which lined the road, their sere and yellow foliage, foretold that the gloom of the coming night was about to be deepened by an impending storm.

Entirely absorbed by his reflections, the traveller scarce heeded the threatening aspect of the sky, till aroused from his reverie by a loud and reverberating peal of thunder, succeeded by a deluging rain. Hastily seeking the shelter of some chesnut trees that arched the road, he patiently waited till the storm should exhaust its rage.

“ Low lie your glories now, ye scattered emblems of human life,” mused he, as the withered leaves, at every gust of wind, fell around him in an almost overwhelming shower; “ ye whisper forth a tale of faded hopes and blighted joys, that might well repress the tumultuous throb of the young and ardent bosom! Not long ago ye were smiling in the bloom of

luxuriant vigour and beauty, foretelling but little of the sickening change, the worm and the canker that were so soon to riot on your verdure! and thus, perchance, the hopes that long have flourished in my own breast, are doomed to a speedy decay—thus the fair prospect that Fancy has decked out with brightest hues, may be, ere long, o’erclouded by the blight of an untimely winter—Rosalie may be another’s.”

The storm was of short duration; the moon broke from behind the deep lowering clouds that had before obscured her fair face, and the traveller pursued his journey.

Coming at length to a spot where two roads met, and ignorant which to follow, he determined to take up his abode for the night at the first cottage he might chance to discover. His search was not long fruitless; he presently observed a dwelling at a distance, which on a nearer approach, proved, by the cross before the door, to be the cell of an anchorite.

The door was opened by the venerable inhabitant of the retreat, who received the stranger courteously, and prepared a simple, but plenteous meal, to which he pressed him with the utmost cordiality.

“ And though his portion was but scant,  
He gave it with good-will.”

As the anchorite busied himself in performing the rites of hospitality,

\* The martial exercise of the barriers was fought with short swords, within an enclosure of bars or rails.

our traveller had leisure to observe him more narrowly. His silvery locks and snowy beard imparted to his singularly handsome features a venerable and impressive air; yet the undiminished glances of his bright hazel eye, and his tall unbending form, told that the hand of sorrow, rather than the weight of years, had sprinkled its untimely frost upon his brow. The furniture of the simple apartment was as singular as its owner. Various astronomical and scientific instruments, whose uses were then little known in Europe, with an hour-glass and water-dial, lay scattered about; and appended to the wall were several wallets and flasks, containing medicaments, and preparations of the healing art, which the traveller readily perceived was practised by the anchorite, less as a profession than as a charitable exercise.

The stranger was not a little surprised to find his frugal meal flanked with a flagon of excellent Burgundy.

"I taste not myself the juice of the grape," said the solitary, in reply to his guest's commendations of the generous beverage; "I taste it not myself, but reserve it for travellers, who, like thee, honour with a visit my humble cell. I have of late experienced no lack of guests, for many a gay chevalier has within these few days vouchsafed to enter my lowly porch, on his way to the tournament, whither, I trow, thou art wending."

The stranger replied in the negative, professing his ignorance of any such meeting.

"Is it possible," added the solitary, "that thou hast heard naught of the gay doings at the castle of Nevers?"

"I have been journeying from a distant province, father," said the young man, "but may I ask the cause of these merry-makings?"

"Nothing less," rejoined the anchorite, "than to honour the approaching nuptials of the count's fair niece, Rosalie St. Clair."

"St. Mary!" ejaculated the youth, "to whom is the maiden betrothed?"

"To the Chevalier de Rosni," replied the solitary, with a deep sigh.

"De Rosni!—by St. Michael, it must not be," cried the stranger.

"Thou sayest well, young man, it must not be!" replied the solitary; adding, in a solemn tone, "the Fates oppose it—Justice forbids it—De Rosni's nuptial couch shall be the bloody bier!"

"Give me thy hand, father," cried the youth; "if thou art a foe to the base De Rosni, thou art indeed my friend!"

"But who art thou, my son, and what hast thou to do with that false knight—that traitorous De Rosni?"

"My venerable friend," replied the stranger, "would I could answer thy inquiry! *who I am*, is wrapt in mystery—*what I am*, alas, is too apparent!—mine, father, is a wayward lot. I never knew a parent's fostering care—I never whispered to a mother's tender ear my joys and sorrows! I am a nameless orphan—a foundling! My earliest recollection carries me to a magnificent château, where I was nurtured in the lap of splendour, beneath the eye of some indulgent friend; but of his rank or his kindred (if any) to myself, my memory retains no record. Anon, a fearful change awaited me; my kind protector died, or, perchance, deserted me—But, father, thou art unwell," exclaimed the youth, abruptly terminating his narrative, as he beheld the anchorite trembling with ill-suppressed emotion.

"'Tis nothing—a momentary pang—proceed with thy tale—what more of thy protector?—poor child, in losing *him*, thou wert indeed deserted!"

"My kind friend left me," continued the stranger, "and with him perished the only happiness I ever knew. I was shortly after removed from the château, and consigned to the care of some stern guardian, from whom I experienced nothing but severity. I might, perhaps, have numbered ten summers, when I was removed from this comfortless asylum, and became an inmate of the château De Rosni—but oh! never to my dying hour can I forget the harsh contumacious treatment which I received from the chevalier. The domestics imitated their lord in cruelty to the poor friendless orphan, and bitter, in truth, was

my lot! I was considered the child of a deceased friend of De Rosni's, and often did I marvel that my father left not his cold grave to reproach my tyrant with inhumanity towards his defenceless boy! As I approached to man's estate, the contumelies of De Rosni daily became more galling. At length, disgusted with his haughty and contemptuous bearing, I left him, and in the castle of the Count of Nevers, I sought and found a home. My services in arms attracted the notice of that gallant nobleman, who created me his esquire, and honoured me with his especial regard. But still my evil destiny pursued me. In my attendance on the count, I could not fail full often to enjoy the society of his niece and heiress, Rosalie St. Clair. My presumptuous heart dared to love the noble lady, and her gentle bosom did not disdain my homage. Our intercourse was discovered to the count by an emissary of De Rosni, who still beheld me with an eye of hatred, and watched occasion to undo me. I was disgraced, and forfeited the protection of my noble master. Driven from the home that long had sheltered me, I joined, as a volunteer, the arms of our monarch in Normandy. During a long term of warfare I won my road to renown, and from the royal hands of Louis I at length received the honour of knighthood. The escutcheon of Henri-of-the-arrow mounted at the king's command the ennobling chevron, and I stand forth, the first of my race, prepared to prove, by deed of arms, my title to nobility."

"What saidst thou was thy name?" asked the old man.

"Henri-of-the-arrow," replied the knight; "I am so named from a mark on my arm."

"Let me—let me see it!" cried the solitary, in breathless agitation.

The youth bared his arm, and discovered the mark alluded to.

"God of heaven! thy ways, though inscrutable, are just!" cried the old man, adding, "brave youth! thou art of no ignoble race—I knew thy father—I knew thy sainted mother—thou art—Hold, my rash heart!" added he, checking himself.

"What! tell me what I am!" exclaimed the youth, sinking on his knees.

"Thou art, what thy future bearing shall prove thee," replied the old man, recovering his calmness, and adding, "thy destiny is in thy own hands—early to-morrow thou shalt hie to the tournaient, and against De Rosni enter the lists—manfully acquit thyself, and a declaration of thy rights, and restoration to thy father's arms, shall be thy reward. Seek not to know more," continued he, as the youth was about to interrogate him. "Let us address ourselves to that Being who avenges, on the head of the oppressor, the wrongs of the fatherless, and then to our pallets, for, I promise thee, De Rosni will prove no mean antagonist; thou wilt need rest to recruit thy exhausted powers, ere thou enter the lists with him."

With day-break Henri arose from his sleepless couch, and prepared for his journey to Nevers. Ere his departure, the anchorite knelt with him, and implored divine assistance on his hazardous enterprise; then, invoking a fervent benediction on his head, bade him adieu. "Go forth and conquer, my son," said he; "acquit thyself manfully, and heaven protect the righteous cause."

Scarcely allowing himself to reflect on the strange adventure he had witnessed, Henri spurred his courser briskly forward, and, leaving the open country, gained the road to Moulines. First, however, having met a peasant, he had taken occasion to learn something of the hermit with whom he had sojourned.

"Monsieur would ask if I know the venerable Father Clement," replied the man; "in truth I know him, and may the blessed saints reward his goodness! he is the guardian angel of our hamlet. Who but Father Clement visits us in sickness, and counsels us in health—who but he instructs our children, and directs us in our affairs? Our neighbours deem him a wizard, because, forsooth, he possesses knowledge for which simple cottagers cannot account; but we who know him more intimately, and are benefited by his assistance, know him to be familiar

with no other spirit than the pure spirit of charity."

As the peasant's unsophisticated account had little effect in clearing the mystery that enveloped Father Clement, Henri bade him good day, and continued his route.

From Moulins our traveller proceeded through a country whose picturesque and romantic scenery, once familiar to his eyes, recalled to his memory the happy days he had spent in the service of the Count de Nevers, and filled his bosom with sad, yet delightful sensations. Not a forest reared itself in magnificent grandeur before him, in which he had not once hunted the bristly *sanglier*—not a hillock presented itself on the bright landscape, which did not awake some pleasing reminiscence. At intervals the broad bosom of the Loire burst upon the view, brightened by the beams of the morning sun to a sheet of liquid gold. The winged songster that flitted among the tall trees bordering the road, filled the air with their melody; a thousand wild flowers flung round their wilderness of sweets; and the hedges, composed of various fruit-trees, intertwined with maple, and festooned with vines, offered their choicest products, in tempting profusion, to the traveller.

Leaving Henri to his journey through these enchanting scenes, we will, with the reader's permission, transport him to Nevers, which was now the rendezvous of all the chivalry of the province.

" Belted knights and barons bold,  
Striplings gay, and warriors old,  
And ladies, deck'd in jewell'd guise,  
Their richest gems their own bright  
eyes."

It was the last day of the tournament, and was attended by an unusual assemblage of all the "bright and brave."

The Chevalier de Rosni, who in his various encounters had carried off the prize against all competitors, had issued his defiance to all arrived at the dignity of knighthood, to meet him at tilt, tourney, or barriers.

From an early hour crowds of spectators were thronging to the appointed spot, which was an extensive plain

immediately below the town. The view from the lists was of the most delightful description. An extensive range of hills formed an amphitheatre around it—to the right appeared the town of Nevers, pleasantly situated on the declivity of a hill, and crowned by the majestic château of the count. At the foot of the town flowed the Loire, covered with galleys, splendidly adorned, whose streamers floated gaily in the morning air.

At mid-day a flourish of clarions announced the approach of the count, who, with the ladies of his family, and a numerous retinue, arrived, and took possession of the splendid marqué prepared for his reception. The heralds sounded to the combat, and De Rosni, armed at all points, and mounted on a charger splendidly caparisoned, entered the lists, and bowed to the spectators, who received him with acclamations.

The chevalier was a man of gigantic stature, apparently past the meridian of life. The traces of violent passions, and of a haughty, imperious temper, were observable on his strongly marked countenance; and as his eye glanced in proud triumph towards his intended bride, it spoke little of that chivalrous devotion which distinguished the cavaliers of the day; it rather seemed to intimate a consciousness that Rosalie could not but

" Seem delighted with the love he gave."

No such expression was, however, perceptible on the pale features of Rosalie, whose young and lovely form offered a striking contrast to that of her destined lord. Arrayed in smiles that ill agreed with her wounded feelings, the maiden occupied, as mistress of the ceremonies, the centre of a throng of fair and noble dames.

Again the clarion's blast thrilled the air, and the herald pronounced De Rosni's challenge. Once—twice—and thrice—at the intervals of several minutes, the trumpets sounded, and still no answer was returned.

" None accept the challenge!" exclaimed the heralds.

De Rosni threw himself from his steed, and, advancing to Rosalie, claimed from her fair hands the vic-

tor's meed. Rosalie trembled as she gazed on her future husband, yet as her tearful eye caught the angry glance of her uncle, she repressed her emotion, and, with quivering lip, congratulated the chevalier. Already was her hand extended to place upon his brow the wreath of triumph, when a stir was perceived among the crowd, and the words "A defiance! a defiance!" burst from a thousand lips.

Mounted on a foaming Barbary courser, a knight pressed through the throng, and, clearing the barrier at a leap, entered the lists. His polished steel armour, totally devoid of ornament, dazzled the eye of the beholder, and the white plume that danced above his close beaver, nodded in proud defiance. His shield bore a chevron engrailed, charged with a radiated star, and surmounted by the motto, "Connu par ses rayons."

As he entered the lists De Rosni's herald once more proclaimed the challenge.

"Alone and unattended," cried the strange knight, "I bring my own reply. Thy challenge I accept, sir knight, and by the aid of God, of St. Michael, and St. George, will prove myself not unworthy of the spurs I wear."

"Hadst thou not best recruit thy own and thy good steed's exhausted strength, sir knight?" demanded De Rosni, advancing toward the stranger.

"I lack not rest," replied he, "and my steed will recover himself while the conditions are being settled. He is used to service, and recks little of the few leagues he has this morning carried me."

"Thou hast, then, travelled far to meet me in these lists, and dost reject my courtesy—may I ask the name of my antagonist, and if we meet as friends?"

"Look on my escutcheon, sir knight, and read my answer *there*. If success attend me in the tournament, thou wilt know me too soon—if not, content thyself with knowing thou hast vanquished one who never before knew defeat."

The signal for the encounter broke off farther converse, and the combatants took the stations assigned

them. De Rosni began the tilt with more than his usual address, compelling his antagonist to remain on the defensive. The stranger, however, proved himself an adept in the use of his lance, defending himself with consummate skill against the herculean strength of De Rosni. At length the chevalier's impetuosity proved fatal to his success. Eager to terminate the combat, he sprung violently forward—the stranger, keeping his lance at rest, received him with coolness and precision, and De Rosni's lance shivering into a thousand pieces, he was unhorsed, and fell with stunning violence to the ground.

Aroused from his stupor by the shouts that hailed his defeat, he sprung from the ground, and drawing his sword, prepared to retrieve his ill-fortune. Still, however, the stranger's coolness and address proved superior, and after a desperate combat, De Rosni was disarmed, and his antagonist declared the victor.

Overcome with shame and confusion, the chevalier refused the consolation offered him by his disappointed friends, and was retiring from the lists, when his attention was arrested by an unexpected circumstance.

The strange knight had been summoned to receive the reward of his victory from the hands of Rosalie St. Clair. As he knelt before her, he unclasped his beaver, and discovered the well known features of Henri-of-the-arrow.

"Henri!" exclaimed the fond girl, too deeply agitated to repress her tumultuous feelings. She arose, and was clasped, weeping, to the bosom of her lover.

"Unhand her, villain!" shouted De Rosni, as he attempted to tear her from his arms.

"Away! she is no longer thine!" replied the youth; "she has found a valued friend—as thou, false knight, a determined foe."

"Insolent! think'st thou that noble maid can bestow her regards on thee—vile peasant as thou art, equally beneath her love and my revenge! Yet dread my fury, and retire, thou wretch without a name!"

"If such he be, what but thy crimes

have made him so?" exclaimed a voice from the throng; and at the instant, the white locks of Father Clement were seen floating in the air. "De Rosni," continued the old man, "vengeance has overtaken thee—he whom thou didst supplant has brought thee to dishonour. The nameless boy thou long hast scorned, has lived to repay thee thy many contumelies. That nameless boy is here to claim his rights—to declare and to maintain his title to the rank which *thou* hast long usurped. Before this noble assembly I proclaim this foundling to be the heir of the Chevalier Albert de Rosni, who perished in the Holy Land, the elder and the injured brother of yon recreant knight. Gaze on him, noble De Nevers," continued the anchorite, taking Henri's hand, and leading him to the feet of the count, "examine well his features—dost not thou discover the lineaments, the form of thy once loved Albert? And look upon yon cowering traitor—do not his quivering limbs, his haggard countenance, betray his guilt?"

"De Rosni," said the count, "I call on thee, as a true knight, to rebut a charge that so immediately affects thy honour!"

"Is it possible the noble De Nevers can give heed to the wild ravings of a maniac?" replied the chevalier, whose agitation was visible, notwithstanding his affected indifference. "Because, forsooth, a drivelling dotard wills to vent on me the monstrous conceptions of his disordered brain, am I to be adjudged guilty of the darkest deeds, and without proof or trial?"

"Both proof and trial, De Rosni, shalt thou have," said the count; "and if thy accuser be found to have trifled with thy reputation, not even his hoary locks shall save him from condign punishment."

"Wisely and justly said, De Nevers!" added the anchorite; "now hear the charge I bring against that false knight. When Albert de Rosni departed for Palestine, he confided to his brother's charge his infant heir. That faithless guardian determined to supplant the child; and having surrounded with his emissaries his unsuspecting brother, for the purpose of

preventing his return, should he survive the perils of warfare, he assumed to himself the title and estates. Albert escaped the hands of the infidels, and was, according to his brother's instructions, attacked, in a lone defile, by his treacherous attendants, and left to perish. The child, from whom nothing could be apprehended, was permitted to live; and after having remained some time in privacy, was received an inmate at the chateau, as a *protegé* of the chevalier's. Driven from his home by the many contumelies of De Rosni, he sought thy protection, noble De Nevers—thyselv knowest how faithfully he served thee. Subsequently he fought beneath the banners of the royal Louis—with what honour, the charges on his escutcheon may show. He now stands forth, prepared to maintain, in mortal combat, his title to the rank and estates of the deceased Albert de Rosni."

As the anchorite concluded, Henri advanced to the centre of the lists, and, throwing down his gauntlet, repeated the defiance, which was accepted by De Rosni, and the following morning appointed for the combat.

On the spot where before they had encountered in the bloodless exercise of the tournamein the combatants met in mortal affray. They fought with short swords, in the use of which they displayed an equality of skill that long rendered the combat dubious.

At length a well-directed thrust pierced the mail of the chevalier, who sunk, mortally wounded, to the ground.

A smile of grim defiance lit up the features of the dying chevalier, as he gazed on his youthful victor; and to his entreaties that he would lighten his conscience by a confession, replied—

"Thou hast conquered—let it content thee!"

"Thou wilt not then confess thy guilt?" cried his antagonist, raising his weapon.

"Nay, think not, boy, to scare me to confession—thou and thy threats alike I hold in scorn!" replied De Rosni, with a laugh that thrilled the spectators with horror.

"Enough!" exclaimed the Count de Nevers, "the God of battles has upheld the righteous cause! But say, mysterious man," added he, addressing the anchorite, "how didst thou gain intelligence of De Rosni's treachery—of young Henri's wrongs?"

"De Nevers," replied the old man, "how is the midnight murderer brought to punishment?—how is the wretch that robbed the fatherless, after a long and triumphant course of undetected crime, dragged forth to light with all his infamy upon him? There is an overruling Providence that avenges on the guilty head the deeds of darkness—there is an eye that can discover the most secret guilt, that rests not till it has wreaked terrible retribution on the oppressor. But let me ease that dying wretch's conscience of at least one pang," continued he, as he approached the prostrate chevalier.

"De Rosni!" cried he, "continue not thus obdurate—confess thyself to God, in whose presence thou wilt shortly be, and let me lighten thy bosom of its heaviest load. Thy brother perished not by the hands of thy emissaries—thou art not Albert's murderer!"

The chevalier seemed roused from his stupor by the words, yet it was but to evince his impenitence.

"Not Albert's murderer!" faintly, yet sternly, ejaculated he; "who dares to mock me thus? I tell thee, Albert perished at Joppa. *I—I* commanded the deed—and Alain Berthier struck him to the heart!"

"Eustace, die not with that terrible impression! brood not with that horrid delight upon a deed of guilt that will sink thee deeper in perdition! While thou hast time, repent; and spare thyself the pang, the guilt, of Albert's destruction: he yet lives, and implores thee to regard thy eternal welfare!"

"Ha! lives! yes, by hell he has escaped me!—and *thou, thou* art he!" His dying hand grasped convulsively his sword, which it had not once relinquished: he strove to raise himself, but with a deep groan sank back, and immediately expired.

As soon as the Count de Nevers

could recover from the agitation into which he had been thrown by this harrowing scene, he addressed the anchorite. "What am I to understand, my venerable friend," said he, "from the last expression of that impenitent wretch? Had his perception failed him, or do I indeed address—"

"Your friend, Albert de Rosni!" interrupted the anchorite, grasping the hand of the count. "Yes," added he, "with grief, with horror, I acknowledge that wretch my relative; but with pride, with joy, I confess myself the father of that noble boy! Come to my arms, my Henri!" he exclaimed, rushing towards the youth, "thy father's heart has long throbbed to feel thine beat upon it—it will no longer hold!"

"My father! Oh, I am too happy!" cried Henri, sinking at the feet of his venerable parent.

"Forgive me, my dear count," said the elder De Rosni, when his agitation allowed him utterance, "for having so long worn the mask before thee. Resolved to prove my boy worthy his illustrious ancestry, before I acknowledged him, I concealed myself from even him, informing him of nothing farther than was necessary to accomplish my designs."

"Believe me, my dear chevalier," replied the count, warmly returning his friend's embrace, "I cannot give expression to the delight with which I hail a long-loved and long-lamented friend. But wherefore didst thou not before assert thy rights?"

"It is a long and melancholy tale, De Nevers, of which I can at present but give thee a rude outline. Left for dead by my brother's emissaries, I had strength remaining to crawl to an adjacent habitation. The inmates received me, and, by skilful treatment, I recovered from my wounds, and was, without ransom, set at liberty. The expedition had left Palestine ere I was pronounced convalescent. After a tedious journey I arrived in France, enfeebled in mind and body by suffering and fatigue. Judge my feelings at discovering my inhuman brother possessed of my title and estates, and my poor child, despoiled of his rights,

removed to some place of secrecy—perhaps murdered by his treacherous guardian. Fearing, however, that a declaration of my rights might urge my brother to cruelty towards my boy, if yet he lived, I retired without making myself known, and occupied, as a solitary anchorite, a retreat near Moulines. A life of seclusion and austerity weaned me from the world, and ere long I ceased to consider my brother's injury a detriment to my own happiness. My poor boy, I doubted not, had perished, and I left the punishment of his barbarous uncle to the hand of Him who has declared “vengeance is mine !”

“ That vengeance has at length reached him. Three days since, my Henri visited, by chance, my humble cell. I discovered in him my long-lost boy ; yet, resolving that himself should win his honours, I continued unknown to him. Thyself, count, knowest the rest, and wilt not scorn the heartfelt warmth with which a father thanks thy kindness to his friendless boy !”

“ I merit not thy thanks as yet, my dear De Rosni,” replied the count ;

“ let me first proclaim to this assembly the restoration of thy rights.”

“ Nay, De Nevers, do honour to my Henri, if thou wilt. As for me, I am too old to bear the burden I have so long been a stranger to ; the anchorite's cell must be still my home.”

The count took the hand of Henri, and, leading him forward, proclaimed him the lawful possessor of the title so long usurped by the deceased. The declaration was received with enthusiasm, and the cry of “ Long live the valiant Chevalier de Rosni,” burst from the lips of the multitude.

The reader will be prepared to learn that, ere long, the fair Rosalie was united to the lover of her choice, who long continued to wear his dignity with honour to himself and advantage to his master, the gallant Louis VII. ; who had honoured his nuptials with his presence, and ever remained the firm friend of the “ Knight of the Cheveron”—of him who, in the words of the poet,

“ Aima la plus belle,  
Et fut le plus vaillant !”

CHARLES M.

#### LINES ON A SLEEPING INFANT.

SWEET are thy slumbers !—fair innocent, rest—  
Rest while thy bosom beats peaceful and free ;  
Ere the proud light of Reason shall dawn on thy breast,  
For 'twill teach thee to weep, babe, in sorrow, like me.  
  
Softly I'll watch thee—fair blossom of heav'n,  
Wafted anew from the bowers of bliss ;  
Thou dreamst of that world, from which late thou wert ris'n,  
For that smile was too bright to proclaim thee in this !  
  
Dream then—dream on, while I watch thee and pray—  
Pray that no thorn near the rose-bud may lie ;  
Yet ah ! while I've gaz'd hath that smile died away,  
And the breast of the infant hath heav'd with a sigh !  
  
Like a meteor it gleam'd, or like sunbeam at morn,  
Brightly wooing the dew-spangled roslet of May ;  
Ah ! why, when I pray thou may'st ne'er know a thorn,  
Came that presaging cloud, babe, to chase it away ?  
  
It told me thou'rt mortal—the prayer I rais'd,  
Affection dar'd utter, though reason disclaim'd ;  
For I would not believe while so fondly I gaz'd,  
That thou could'st for earth's bitter portion be fram'd.  
  
Perhaps from the flow'rets unfading above,  
Thou wert culling the brightest to wreath for thy brow.  
Sweet babe ! dream no more, for too soon wilt thou prove  
That no flow'ret, unfading, can blossom below !

Visions of joy may the senses illume,  
Brightest when fleetly they gleam on our woe ;  
But the sunbeams that sportively play round the tomb,—  
They but mock the still sadness that settles below !  
Then sweet, for thy brow twine the green willow here,  
And may each fallen tear weave a glory on high ;  
But earth's sweetest joys in their blossom will sear,  
And, like thy fleeting visions, will end in a sigh !

L. C.

## THE DEPARTED ONE.

BY G. R. CARTER.

The heaven whence thy nature came  
Only recalled its own ;  
It is Hope that now breathes thy name,  
Though borrowing Memory's tone.  
I feel this earth could never be  
The native home of one like thee !

L. E. L.

O'er the summer noontide of thy youth a cloud hath thrown its shade,  
And hush'd thee like a gentle stream whose music charm'd the glade :  
Thy lids are closed upon their orbs, but Death's serene eclipse,  
Hath not destroyed the sunny glow that lingers on thy lips.  
Sweet Spirit ! it was thine to weep o'er hearts that grief had riven,  
And "live on sadness from the tomb," with thoughts and dreams of heaven ;  
'Twas thine to touch thy plaintive late until its strings restored  
Ethereal visions of the days that we have oft deplored.  
Companion of our wanderings !—the beautiful—the fair—  
How deeply have we bless'd the beam which steep'd thy golden hair !  
And when the night with chrystal stars adorned the azure skies,  
We've deemed each gem that sparkled there as lovely as thine eyes.  
The bloom hath fled from thy young cheek, and vainly breaks the day  
On lips that ne'er again will hail the beauty of its ray ;  
But oh, thy kindred memory as pure as aught above,  
Shall consecrate our hearts to thee, and light them up with love !

## THE RESCUED TEMPLAR. \*

THE atrocious conspiracy by which the gallant order of Knights Templars was extirpated, had been long planned before circumstances became favourable for its execution. The extensive possessions and enormous wealth belonging to the order, had early tempted the cupidity of Philip the Fair, but it was not until after the accession of Clement, a pope sincerely devoted to the French king, that the edict was issued for seizing the Templars, and bringing them before an inquisitorial tribunal. Two years pre-

vious to this event, the reader must picture to himself a dark valley in the chain of Mount Carmel, near Acre, the bottom rugged and rocky ; the sides clothed with stunted pines, the only plants that diversified the barren aspect of the mountains ; and through this he must pourtray two travellers, proceeding with that stealthy pace which implies a consciousness of danger, but at the same time with that firm tread which indicates high resolve and determined energy. The elder was a man who had appa-

\* The circumstances on which this story is founded, are related in the Arabian chronicles quoted by the compilers of the Universal History, and in the old French history of the Templars, preserved in the royal library at Paris.

rently passed the meridian of life, and witnessed in his career much of sorrow and of suffering. His brow was ploughed deep with wrinkles, too deep to have been traced by time; his eyes, that still exhibited the fire of a daring spirit, were sunk deep in the socket; and the frequent quivering of his lips, showed that thoughts too bitter to be spoken were burning in his soul. His youthful companion had manifestly scarcely arrived at the age of manhood, and yet his looks also gave evidence that he had already been subjected to more than ordinary misfortunes; there was neither in his glance or step any of that buoyancy which usually marks the light-heartedness of early life; his looks showed manly courage and daring energy, but there was no gay smile playing around the pale lip, and joy seemed an expression unknown to his fixed features. They both carried in their hands the strait cross-handled swords, that were the distinctive cognizance of the Templars, and adopted by those knights, in order that a crucifix might never be wanting for their devotions, even in the battle-field. They, however, concealed these weapons whenever they came to a place where they were likely to be seen; for as Palestine had been but lately wrested from the Christians, the Mahomedan conquerors were likely to view with suspicion the arrival in the country of strangers belonging to the bravest class of its defenders.

As the travellers approached the upper end of the valley, the younger broke the silence which had been long continued, by observing, "we are already at the rendezvous, and the guide has not yet met us; think you that he means us false, Rouchette?"

"No, Raymond: the Batheniens, whom our western brethren call assassins, never break their plighted word, else would the inner light become dark in their souls. We have not yet given the signal, nor spoken the secret words of mystic power." Rouchette advanced to a large flat stone that rested against a wall of rock, and began to recite some of that mysterious jargon, which, in the middle ages, formed part of the worship of eastern

heretics, both nominally Christian and Mahomedan. As he proceeded, the stone was slowly moved away by internal machinery, and the mouth of a deep cavern displayed, at whose entrance stood an armed Saracen, wearing on his head the horned bonnet, which distinguished the formidable followers of the mysterious old man of the mountain. "Shines there a light in the East, my brother?" said the elder templar to the guardian of the cave, in the Arabic tongue, which he seemed perfectly to understand.

"Thence cometh the sun to gladden those whose eyes are opened to his radiance," was the reply.

"Do the wings of the vulture still shade the faces of mortals, and veil the glories of the day-star?"

"The vulture still triumphs in his strength, but the eagle, abiding in his rocky nest, awaits the moment of certain triumph, when he shall sweep the foul bird away."

A conversation of some length was maintained in this figurative style; it obviously referred to the design supposed to be entertained by an extensive and secret society formed both in Christian and Mahomedan countries, for the subversion of all established government, and the erection of some Utopian constitution throughout the world, in which all power should belong to the illuminated, as the sectarians designated themselves.

Raymond at length interrupted the discourse by a gesture of impatience, and Rouchette instantly broke off, and, whispering a pass-word, entered the cavern with his companion. Immediately the stone was rolled by some secret power over the entrance, and both were involved in utter darkness.

Rouchette laid hold of his companion's hand, and led him carefully through a passage, which, after descending a considerable distance, turned suddenly off to the right, and showed a steep ascent, in which some steps had been cut by art, partially illuminated by a few torches held by Saracen warders posted on ledges of the rock. To each of these Rouchette whispered the pass-word as they ascended, and was instantly greeted by a salutation of peace and welcome. The way was

toilsome and winding ; the interruptions, as they began to approach an aperture through which the light of day was faintly discernible, more frequent and prolonged. At length they arrived at the summit, and were interrogated by the last sentinel.

"Who are the comers through the dark to him who abideth in the rock?"

"Men whose souls have discerned the secret light hidden in the recesses of their own bosoms."

"The voice is of Franghistan,\* where the light is hidden in the chambers of its imagery."

"But in the temple these images lie prostrate, and the heel of contempt has crushed their dishonoured heads."

"Bear ye any message to him whose power walketh in darkness, but whose glory shineth in the loveliness of radiance?"

"To the secret and the known, to the mysterious and the celebrated, to him who is strength and weakness, we bring tidings from Franghistan. The vulture's wing is shortened, the serpent's tooth is blunted, and the ravens croak for food."

"Stand!" At this word the torches were quenched, and the aperture darkened ; at the same moment the Templars were seized, their heads wrapped in mantles, and their bodies lifted up and hurried forward with great velocity. In a few minutes they were again placed on their feet, and found themselves in the midst of a scene which seemed to more than realize the wildest fictions of the Arabian Tales.

They were in a magnificent garden, planted with the most fragrant shrubs and richest flowers ; birds of the gayest plumage and sweetest song fluttered about, prevented from escaping by gauze nets, made so thin that they seemed like woven air ; and from a neighbouring grove came troops of dancing girls, whose lively glances, tuneful voices, and graceful gestures, could not be paralleled in

the western countries of tamer blood and gentler passions.

Raymond looked round him with inexpressible surprise and admiration, scarcely noticing that the horned caps had been fixed on the helmets of himself and his companion. Rouchette altered not from his usual look of settled melancholy ; he waited until his companion had recovered from his first surprise, and then said, as if in reply to his thoughts—

"Yes ; this is the palace of the dweller in the rock, the future reformer of the world."

"But," said Raymond, "methinks, Rouchette, that the abstinence which our rules enjoin, and the austerities prescribed to our order, accord indifferently with the luxuries by which we are surrounded."

"It is even so, Raymond ; but those who have arrived at the full fruition of the light, are freed from the restraints by which their early progress was fettered. A time shall come, when thou mayest claim her, whose name is the spell-word of thy soul, though it be a sound that thy lips as yet dare not utter."

Raymond's frame was shaken by indescribable emotion, but he made no reply. An attendant shortly after came up, and offered to conduct the stranger-knights to the bath, an offer which was instantly accepted.

\* \* \* \* \*

We are about to witness a scene of a far different character from that which has been just described, and for this purpose must transport the reader to the fertile fields of Gascony. From the portals of a proud baronial castle issued a splendid train of gallant knights and titled ladies, to enjoy the fashionable diversion of hawking. The lord of Hautville, and his daughter Mehetabel, were among the most distinguished of the party, and to them, in particular, must we direct the attention of our readers. Stern in his features, and haughty in his deportment, the baron looked like one equally entitled to respect in the field and the

\* Christendom.      † See Abulfeda, and the preface to Sale's Koran.

‡ This is the expression of the Arabian historian.

cabinet, a gallant leader and a clever statesman. His daughter was of a sickly and delicate appearance, but she managed her jennett with equal skill and spirit, and bore her falcon on her wrist with a dexterity that showed her to be well-skilled in that noble amusement, then universally regarded as the peculiar distinction of high rank. The first game that started she allowed to pass unheeded, and continued to fondle the bird, which she addressed by the name of Raymond, with more affection than young ladies usually bestow on their favourites. As the flights of the several hawks dispersed the company, she was soon left almost alone, when a heron attracted her attention. To unslip her hawk, and set him free, with "now Raymond," was the work of a moment, and she galloped forward in

the direction taken by the birds. The trained falcon soon soared over the head of his victim, and made the fatal pounce; but at the moment that his talons sunk into the heron, he was himself transfixed by an arrow, and both birds came together to the ground. Mehetabel rode forward with a shriek, which soon collected all the company around her, and springing from her steed attempted to staunch the life-blood welling from the breast of her deceased favourite. Inquiries into the cause of the accident were made in vain; no one had seen an archer on the ground, nor had any of the company a bow. Mehetabel drew the arrow from the wound, and read distinctly these significant words on the shaft, "scorn and revenge."\*

### SONG OF THE DECEIVED ONE.

BY JAMES KNOX.

I KNOW that she is beautiful—I know that she can seem  
As holy and as innocent, as childhood's placid dream;  
But oh! a treach'rous heart is hid beneath her brow of light,  
Like waters, dark and cold below, while all above is bright!  
She smiled on me, she sang to me, she strew'd my path with flow'rs,  
But her love is changing as the wind, and passing as the hours;  
She turns her to another now, and bids his soul rejoice  
Beneath the magic of her smile—the music of her voice.  
Then fare-thee-well, unkindest one, and may it ne'er be thine  
To bend thee with a blighted heart before Affection's shrine;  
To love, and feel a chill neglect the only guerdon given,  
And wander like a spirit sad, debarr'd the bliss of heaven!

### MY FIRST MAGAZINE.

*Tί δὲ έργα.—Pythagoras.*

What have I been doing?

How often, in the very words of the ancient, have I asked myself the above question! how often, but, alas! how fruitlessly! Oh! Thought, how wonderful art thou in thy workings! A single hour sufficeth thee to show to man all the boasted nothings of a whole life! Thy course is sudden, swift, and voiceless, like the rushing

of a mighty wind, which, in its rapid career, penetrates alike the foldings of the little flower and the majestic ruins of a century! The sweet and beautiful, the rough and bitter of the past, touched by the magic of thy power, are revived in a single instant! And thus it is that man, the vain lord of an earthly rule, at once the centre and

\* Owing to a miscalculation, we are obliged to defer the continuation of this story till our next.—ED.

the sport of many feelings, is tossed from memory to hope, from grief to bliss, till regret, anguish, shame, joy—nay, even virtue and vice, are crowded together in the same mind, and almost at the same moment. Then comes the important question of “What have I been doing?” But how is it answered! by self-upbraiding — by accusations of time and opportunity lost—of scenes of interest and utility, disregarded and *unrecorded*.

I was in such a mood as this, when, after a day of painful and retrospective musings, in which memory had been more busy, and my heart more full than usual, I received a note from my friend —, inviting me to the editor and joint proprietorship of a magazine. What (I exclaimed) have I been doing all my life that I never thought of this before? Editor of a magazine! Now then, indeed, shall I find a vent for, and give a voice to much that I have marked in the course of a devious and erratic career. Oh! what a rush is there upon my mind; how many scenes and circumstances are struggling there for precedence! Shall I write a tale of France or of Spain? or, hurrying across the Atlantic, shall I bring the scenery and manners of the New World to the contemplation of my readers? No, no; it shall be laid among the darker periods of our own history. But how shall I begin? With an Introduction to be sure! Now then for something original!

Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient! Permit me to introduce myself to your notice, not as the grim spinner of dull tales, the recondite adapter of other men’s fictions to my own purposes, the collector, as it were, of literary “shreds and patches,” which, linked by some invisible thread to a title, are expanded through an infinity of pages into a novel, (belying its own name,) and sold, not for the emolument of the author—oh no! but for the utter discomfiture of those trooping but invisible hosts, which seem to be so horribly averse to good humour and gaiety, and are very learnedly yelept “blue devils;” for the life of me, however, I never was able to discover why the little fry

should be invested in garments of that hue, for, upon my veracity—and here I am in solemn earnest—I have never been able to see one of them, though, as an antiquarian and a moral philosopher, I have sought diligently for them! I have bought innumerable spectacles, magnifying glasses—nay, even telescopes, and I have sat night and day with one of my visual aids at either eye, without once winking, and yet I say I have never obtained a single glimpse of any of these little blue invisibles. But I am digressing—I am not a common novel-writer, who spreads abroad his felicitous little histories for the destruction of the above-named host—no, gentle reader, but supposing that you are, like me, very desirous of ascertaining whether or not that species of animal be really appareled in blue, I shall endeavour to sketch just such a tale as will bring them buzzing about your ears and eyes by myriads—but I will be candid—I care not a fig whether you see them or not, provided I do.

Augustus Mowbray was striding up and down his narrow apartment, with his arms folded across a chest swollen with unusual excitement—his eye had assumed a fierceness—and his lip writhed with more than its accustomed scorn. “Yes,” stopping short, he muttered, in a stern and determined tone, “I will to the metropolis tomorrow, and throw myself upon the justice of the king—he, too, has feasted with my father—he, too, has aided to destroy that patrimony which should have been mine.” And here, with a prouder and a firmer step, he recommenced the perambulations of his room. At this instant his favourite attendant, Hutchings, entered to announce—

But pardon me, reader, I’m sorry that I commenced with prose! I know not how it was, but until I began to write for thee, poetry had ever been uppermost in my mind; and I do think that some respect is due to old prejudices, whether national or individual; and therefore I’ll do “my honours to thee” in verse. A subject, reader; wilt thou give me none? Then must I look into my own heart, and transcribe thence a

few lines on my lost and beautiful Emma.

But yesterday—and beauty shone  
On Emma's cheek —— and now  
Her beaming loveliness is gone,  
And death is on her pallid brow !  
But yesterday—and Emma's voice  
Could bid the list'ning heart rejoice—  
Now all its sprightliness is flown,  
For death has hush'd that silver tone !  
And this is life—a transient smile  
That glitter'd only to beguile :—  
A ray of light that could not last,  
That beam'd a moment and then past :—  
A voice of music that was gone  
Before its harmony was known !

Editor of a Magazine ! I declare I can't help writing it—it looks so well ! And when I read it aloud there is something so stately, and yet so harmonious in its sound ! And see yonder author, hat in hand, awaiting my fiat, that he may know whether his work shall live or not !—A word with him.

*Editor—What is your subject, sir ?*  
*Author—The universal one—love.*

Editor—What, sir, do you make it in such a tone as that ! and, good lord, look at the man's face ! Venus never smiled on thee, I fear, friend ?

Author—No ! but it is the part of genius to invest an ideal existence in the garb of real and individual identity.

Editor—Pray, sir, is that young lady at your elbow the inspirer of your soft strains ?

Author—Thank God, no ! she is an authoress !

Editor—What can I do for you, madam ?

Authoress—I have a little poem here, Mr. Editor, which I request you will review very favourably.

*Editor—What is its subject, madam ?*

*Authoress—Edward the Black Prince.*

*Editor—Alas ! thus it is that every thing is out of place ! Man, not contented with his proper sphere, is ever aiming at something beyond it. Go home, both of ye ; and do you, Mr. Grim, take the Black Prince for your subject ; while you, Miss, write—love.*

*Editor of a Magazine ! Verse and Prose are dancing before me in all the witchery of real or assumed novelty—*

The grave, the gay ; the lively, the severe, are alike eager for notice—History is grasping at the wings of Time, and struggles to “arrest his flight to the gulph of Oblivion”—Poetry is breathing forth in a wild and delicious minstrelsy

“Thoughts that voluntary move  
Harmonious numbers”—

While Fancy spreads her light and rosy wings to sport “like a meteor on the bosom of a summer cloud,” and Metaphysics exhausts half a century in discovering its—vanity !

Am I then to be one of the arbiters in such a field as this ! Are the balances in which the results of mind are to be weighed and estimated to tremble in a grasp so feeble ! Be it so ; and may Truth and Genius guide me in my adventurous career ; and a mild, though impartial justice, while it leads me, in my plan of industry, to the improvement of my own, enable me to foster and direct the taste of others.

### EPITAPH

ON A BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN.

PURE—pure she was as morning's earliest dew,  
Bright as its gem—but ah, as transient too !

## ALBUM.

## WE SHALL MEET NO MORE!

By the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

We shall meet no more on the sunny hill,  
Where the lonely wild flower springs  
and dies ;  
We shall meet no more by the murmuring  
rill,  
Where the blue cool waters idly rise.  
The sunshine and flowers all bright re-  
main,  
In their lonely beauty, as of yore ;  
But to me 'twill never be bright again :  
We shall meet no more—we shall meet  
no more !

We shall meet no more in the lighted halls,  
Amid happy faces and gay young hearts ;  
I may listen in vain as each footstep falls—  
I may watch in vain as each form de-  
parts !

There are laughing voices ; but thy young  
tone  
Its cheerful greeting hath ceased to  
pour ;  
Thy form from the dancing train is gone :  
We shall meet—we shall meet—no  
more !

## THE AMAZONS; AN HISTORICAL TRAIT.

Among the illustrious women who have been distinguished for a manly heroism, which, though not, in general, suitable to the sex, is, in some particular cases, highly to be praised, was Jeanne Hachette, a celebrated woman of Beauvais, in Picardy, who, when the Burgundian army besieged that city in 1472, headed a company of other heroines, in order to defend it. On the day of assault, this valiant woman stood in the breach, seized the flag that the enemy were going to plant upon it, and threw down the ensign, that bore it, from the wall. The name of this Amazon is still dear to the inhabitants of Beauvais. Her descendants are exempted from all taxes; and, in memory of this action, a procession is made every year, on the 10th of July, in which the women take the lead.

Antiquity exhibits a similar instance of female heroism, in the illustrious Telesilla, of the city of Argos, in the Peleponnesus. In the year 557 before Christ, the city of Argos being besieged by Cleomenes, King of Sparta, Telesilla armed all the women, instead of the men, and posted them on the ramparts to oppose the enemy. The Spartans, less terrified than astonished, to find such enemies to combat, and sensible that it would be equally dishonourable to vanquish or be vanquished by them, instantly raised the siege. By this

happy audacity, Telesilla delivered her country from a formidable enemy ; and the citizens, in gratitude, erected a statue to her memory.

## TEN YEARS AGO.

By Miss Landon.

" Ten years ago," the world was then  
A pleasant and a lovely dream ;  
Life was a river banked by flowers,  
With sunshine glowing o'er the stream.  
The path was new, and there was thrown  
A sweet veil over pleasure's ray ;  
But ignorance is happiness,  
When young Hope is to show the way ;  
And fair the scenes that hope would show,  
When youth was bright, " ten years ago."  
Ten years are past,—life is no more  
The fairy land that once I knew ;  
Pleasures have proved but falling stars,  
And many a sweetest spell untrue ;  
But may I look on these dear ones,  
Feel their soft smile, their rosy kiss ;  
Or may I turn, beloved, to thee,  
My own home star, of truth and bliss !  
While love's sweet lights thus round me  
glow,  
Can I regret " ten years ago ?"

ANECDOTE OF ALEXANDER, SECOND DUKE  
OF GORDON.

At a time not very remote, when the Duke of Gordon and all the lords of that family were Roman Catholics, a Protestant, not unknown to his Grace, rented a small farm under him, near Huntley Castle, and, from whatever cause, had fallen behind in his payments. A vigilant steward, in the duke's absence, seized the farmer's stock for arrears of rent, and advertised it by the parish crier to be roused, that is, sold by auction, on a fixed day. The duke happily returned in the interval ; his tenant, who knew his road, made the best of his way onward to the duke's apartment, and he was not interrupted, but forwarded in it by the servants, who concluded he came by appointment. " What is the matter, Donald ?" said the duke, as he saw him enter melancholy. Donald told his sorrowful tale in a concise natural manner ; it touched the duke's heart, and produced an acquaintance in form. Staring, as he cheerily withdrew, at the pictures and images, he expressed a curiosity to know what they were, in his homely way. " These," said the duke, with great condescension, " these are the saints who intercede with God for me." " My lord duke," said Donald, " would it not be better to apply yourself directly to God ?

I went to uncle Sawney Gordon, and to little Sawney Gordon; but if I had not come to your guid grace's self, I could not have got my discharge, and baith I and my bairns had been harried."

THE DEATH OF ASTARTE.

SHE fell, as falls a lovely flower,  
Blighted in the very spring  
Of beauty and of blossoming,  
By the red lightning's scorching power;  
It droops upon the blasted spray,  
And withers, leaf by leaf, in slow but sure  
decay;  
But though the spoiler's hand hath o'er  
it past,  
Its buds retain their sweets and fragrance  
to the last.  
As falling stars, ere they expire,  
Emit a brighter, clearer fire;  
So beauty's loveliest, softest smile,  
Illumin'd her fading eyes the while.  
From those orbs through the veil of death  
would break  
Flashes of wild yet dazzling brightness,  
(As the silver mist hangs on the moonlight  
lake,  
That still flows on in native brightness.)  
And oft death's fevered fingers threw  
The young carnation's hectic hue  
O'er her soft cheek's transparent white-  
ness—  
That lovely, but deceiving flush,  
Which lends decay a faithless bloom;  
And looks like beauty's purest blush,  
While 'tis the herald of the tomb.  
She faded sweetly from the sight,  
And gently stole from life away,  
As melts the rainbow into light  
At close of summer's stormy day.

ANECDOTE.

In the twelfth century, that age of superstition, when scarce one person imagined that devotion and vice were incompatible with each other, St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, was distinguished by a purity of sentiment and manners, then uncommon. One day he came to the nunnery of Godstowe, and entering the church, beheld a magnificent tomb, covered with silk hangings, and surrounded by lamps and wax-tapers. Inquiring whose it was, he was answered, that it was the tomb of Rosamond, the mistress of King Henry II. who had been a great benefactor to that church. "What!" exclaimed St. Hugh, "can money then obtain those honours which are due to the virtuous only? This woman has enriched your house; but she persisted in her guilt. Remove those pompous ornaments from her tomb, and let us convince mankind, that it is not gold,

but repentance and piety alone, that can expiate a life of scandal and of shame."

THE HAPPY PHILOSOPHER.

Stilpon, the philosopher, was a native of Magara, and, it is said, a pupil of Euclid's. Demetrius, the son of Antigonus, having taken Megara, commanded his army not only to spare the house of Stilpon, but to restore to him whatever they had taken. In order, moreover, that every thing should be faithfully restored, he desired Stilpon to give him a list of what he had lost. "They have taken nothing from me," answered the philosopher, "they have touched nothing that belonged to me; I still possess my tranquillity, my knowledge, and my taste for literature." Stilpon, in the sequel, gave the most excellent counsels to Demetrius, who sedulously followed them, and conceived the most ardent friendship for this wise and virtuous man.

COULDST THOU BUT KNOW.

By *Lady Caroline Lamb*.

Couldst thou but know what 'tis to weep,  
To weep unpitied and alone,  
The live-long night, whilst others sleep,  
Silent and mournful watch to keep,  
Thou wouldst not do what I have done.  
Couldst thou but know what 'tis to smile,  
To smile when scorned by every one,  
To hide, by many an artful wile,  
A heart that knows more grief than guile,  
Thou wouldst not do what I have done.  
And oh! if thou couldst think how dear,  
When friends are chang'd, and health is  
gone,  
The world would to thine eyes appear—  
If thou, like me, to none wert dear,  
Thou wouldst not do what I have done.

A woodman having been subpoenaed as a witness in a cause, pertinaciously insisted on some point which it was the object of counsel to get over—the poor woodman answered every beguiling question by a plain repetition of the fact which he had at first stated. He was allowed to stand aside, and happy was he of this partial respite. His temporary quiescence was, however, soon broken in upon, by the leading barrister, in a cross-examination, darting his fierce inuendo at him. "You, sir, with the leather jacket, how much have you been paid for swearing in this cause?" The reply was tart and true, and redounded to the credit of our hero. "If you were no better paid for bawling and squalling than I am for swearing, you'd wear a leather jacket too." The legal luminary was silenced.

## Notices of Books.

"STILL PLEASED TO PRAISE, YET NOT AFRAID TO BLAME."

LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF LORD BYRON :  
with *Notices of his Life* by Thomas Moore.  
2 vols. 4to. Vol. 2. London, 1830.

Murray.

If it be true, as appears to have been the opinion of the great Dr. Johnson, that the history of no man's life can be correctly given unless by himself, the literary world will long have to regret the destruction of Lord Byron's auto-biography. That Mr. Moore has done much will be readily and eagerly admitted by all; but that Byron would have done more towards describing his own feelings, and pursuing the train of his own actions, can, we presume, be a matter of doubt to no one. We look indeed with something beyond regret at the loss which we, in common with all the rest of the reading public, have thus sustained; and although we do not wish to treat the subject with unbecoming severity, we are strongly of opinion, from the fixed and pointed expressions which his lordship every where uses, when adverting to the "memoranda" of his life entrusted to Mr. Moore, that he would have chosen some one else "to edit them," had he anticipated the destruction to which they were wilfully consigned. Mr. Moore, as soon as he accepted those "memoranda" from his living friend, virtually pledged himself to their publication in the event of his surviving him. As it is, the confidence of friendship has been violated, and the guarantee of a promise broken. We the more lament this, because it is impossible to suppose, that in the letters to Mr. Murray and Mr. Moore, with which this second volume so largely abounds, we can hope, in an equal degree, to gain the vivid transcript of that vigorous mind, and the daring and gigantic conceptions of that genius which would have been at once the subject and the inspiration of Lord Byron in his auto-biography—his thoughts and feelings, and hopes and fears, clothed in his own magical language, would have pictured forth that *mind* which is now, comparatively speaking, only traced in the book before us. But let us not in our regrets of that which is past and irrevocable, disregard the prize which we possess. Mr. Moore, when he destroyed the original life, and determined to publish another, assumed a task of no ordinary difficulty, and we hesitate not to assert, that he has performed it, *at least*, as well as any man could have done, save the noble poet himself—he has indeed raised a monument of bio-

graphical excellence, which if not superior to all others in the English language, is surpassed by none.

The volume before us opens with the following description of the broken fortunes, the desolated prospects, and the mental energy of the youthful Byron.

"The circumstances under which Lord Byron now took leave of England were such as, in the case of any ordinary person, could not be considered otherwise than disastrous and humiliating. He had, in the course of one short year, gone through every variety of domestic misery;—had seen his hearth eight or nine times profaned by the visitations of the law, and been only saved from a prison by the privileges of his rank. He had alienated (as far as they had ever been his) the affections of his wife; and now, rejected by her, and condemned by the world, was betaking himself to an exile which had not even the dignity of appearing voluntary, as the excommunicating voice of society seemed to leave him no other resource. Had he been of that class of unfeeling and self-satisfied natures from whose hard surface the reproaches of others fall pointless, he might have found in insensibility a sure refuge against reproach; but, on the contrary, the same sensitiveness that kept him so awake to the applauses of mankind rendered him, in a still more intense degree, alive to their censure. Even the strange, perverse pleasure, which he felt in painting himself unamiable to the world, did not prevent him from being both startled and pained when the world took him at his word; and, like a child in a mask before a looking glass, the dark semblance which he had, half in sport, put on, when reflected back upon him from the mirror of public opinion, shocked even himself.

"Thus surrounded by vexations, and thus deeply feeling them, it is not too much to say, that any other spirit but his own would have sunk under the struggle, and lost, perhaps, irrecoverably, that level of self-esteem which alone affords a stand against the shocks of fortune. But in him—furnished as was his mind with reserves of strength, waiting to be called out,—the very intensity of the pressure brought relief by the proportionate reaction which it produced. Had his transgressions and frailties been visited with no more than their due portion of punishment, there can be little doubt that a very different result would have ensued. Not only would such

an excitement have been insufficient to waken up the new energies still dormant in him, but that consciousness of his own errors, which was for ever lively present in his mind, would, under such circumstances, have been left, undisturbed by any unjust provocation, to work its usual softening, and perhaps humbling, influences on his spirit. But,—luckily, as it proved, for the further triumphs of his genius,—no such moderation was exercised. The storm of invective raised around him, so utterly out of proportion with his offences, and the base calumnies that were every where heaped upon his name, left to his wounded pride no other resource than in the same summoning up of strength, the same instinct of resistance to injustice, which had first forced out the energies of his youthful genius, and was now destined to give a still bolder and loftier range of its powers."

It was, indeed, not without truth, said of him by Goëthe, that he was inspired by the Genius of Pain, for, from the first to the last of his agitated career, every fresh recruitment of his faculties was imbibed from that bitter source. His chief incentive, when a boy, to distinction was, as we have seen, that mark of deformity on his person, by an acute sense of which he was first stung into the ambition of being great, as, with an evident reference to his own fate, he himself describes the feeling.

"Deformity is daring.

It is its essence to o'ertake mankind  
By heart and soul, and make itself the equal,  
Ay, the superior of the rest. There is  
A spur in its holt movements, to become  
All that the others cannot, in such things  
As still are free to both, to compensate  
For step-dame Nature's avarice at first.

"Then came the disappointment of his youthful passion,—the lassitude and remorse of premature excess,—the lone friendlessness of his entrance into life, and the ruthless assault upon his first literary efforts—all links in that chain of trials, errors, and sufferings, by which his great mind was gradually and painfully drawn out; all bearing their respective shares in accomplishing that destiny which seems to have decreed, that the triumphal march of his genius should be over the waste and ruins of his heart. He appeared, indeed, himself to have had an instinctive consciousness that it was out of such ordeals his strength and glory were to arise, as his whole life was passed in courting agitation and difficulties; and whenever the scenes around him were too tame to furnish such excitement, he flew to fancy or memory for "thorns" whereon to "lean his breast."

"But the greatest of his trials, as well as triumphs, was yet to come. The last stage of this painful, though glorious, course, in which fresh power was, at every step, wrung from out his soul, was that at which we are now arrived, his marriage and its results,—without which, dear as was the price paid by him in peace and character, his career would have been incomplete, and the world still left in ignorance of the full compass of his genius. It is indeed worthy of remark, that it was not till his domestic circumstances began to darken around him, that his fancy, which had long been idle, again rose upon the wing,—both the 'Siege of Corinth' and 'Parisina' having been produced but a short time before the separation. How conscious he was, too, that the turmoil which followed was the true element of his restless spirit, may be collected from various passages of his letters at that period, in one of which he even mentions that his health had become all the better for the conflict: 'It is odd,' he says, 'but agitation or contest of any kind gives a rebound to my spirits, and sets me up for the time.'

"This buoyancy it was—this irrepressible spring of mind,—that now enabled him to bear up not only against the assaults of others, but what was still more difficult, against his own thoughts and feelings. The muster of all his mental resources to which, in self-defence, he had been driven, but opened to him the yet undreamed extent and capacity of his powers, and inspired him with a proud confidence, that he should yet shine down these calumnious mists, convert censure to wonder, and compel even those who could not approve to admire.

"The route which he now took, through Flanders and by the Rhine, is best traced in his own matchless verses, which leave a portion of their glory on all they touch, and lend to scenes, already clothed with immortality by nature and by history, the no less durable associations of undying song."—P. 1, 2, 3, 4.

"From Brussels the noble traveller pursued his course along the Rhine, a line of road which he strewed over with all the riches of poetry; and arriving at Geneva, took up his abode at the well-known hotel Sécheron. After a stay of a few weeks at this place, he removed to a villa in the neighbourhood, called Diodati, very beautifully situated on the high banks of the Lake, where he established his residence for the remainder of the summer.—P. 6.

From hence, after making a tour through the Berne Alps, he took his departure for Italy; and after visiting, among other places

Milan and Verona, established himself at Venice. And here we behold him at one time revelling in dissipation, at another spending his days in the utmost seclusion—now at an Armenian monastery, studying the Armenian language, and now again carried away by the restlessness of his temperament, and his exulted love of freedom, leaguing himself with the patriots of Italy.

The wide range of his dissipation ceased, however, with his memorable attachment to the Countess Guiccioli, to whom it appears he remained fondly and faithfully true to the end of his short and eventful life. After residing at Venice from November, 1817, until December, 1819, he proceeded to Ravenna, where he remained until October, 1821; from thence he went to Pisa. During his residence at the above places, he indulged in that splendid career of immortal genius, which has elevated him to the highest pinnacle of poetic fame. He struck the lyre with a bold and reckless hand, and strains of unmatched melody followed his touch—his spirit breathes in every line where Truth, Nature, Genius make at once his inspiration and his song.

On the 13th July, 1823, he embarked with his suite on board the Hercules, on his passage to Greece, but was obliged, owing to stress of weather, to steer back for Genoa, and the Hercules re-entered the port early in the morning of the 15th. On the evening of the following day they set sail again, and after a passage of five days they reached Leghorn, at which place it was thought necessary to touch, says his biographer, for the purpose of taking on board a supply of gunpowder, and other English goods, not to be had elsewhere.—P. 669. From Leghorn he set sail on the 24th July, and after about ten days of most favourable weather, cast anchor at Argostoli, the chief port of Cephalonia.—P. 674. In order to judge deliberately of the state of parties, and to keep out of their vortex, he resolved to remain, for some time, in his station at Cephalonia, and there avail himself of the facilities afforded by the position for collecting information as to the real state of affairs, and ascertaining in what quarter his own presence and money would be most available. During six weeks which had elapsed since his arrival at Cephalonia, he had been living in the most comfortless manner, pent up with pigs and poultry, on board the vessel which brought him. Having now come, however, to the determination of prolonging his stay, he decided also upon fixing his abode on shore; and, for the sake of privacy, retired to a small village called Metaxata, about

seven miles from Argostoli, where he continued to reside during the remainder of his stay on the island.—P. 681. Very early in January, 1824, after having been nearly taken by a Turkish frigate, and having very narrowly escaped a wreck, Lord Byron arrived at Missolonghi. “The reception which the noble visitor experienced on his arrival was such, as from the ardent eagerness with which he had been looked for, might be expected. The whole population of the place crowded to the shore to welcome him; the ships anchored off the fortress, fired a salute as he passed, and all the troops and dignitaries of the place, civil and military, with the Prince Mavrocordato at their head, met him on his landing, and accompanied him, amidst the mingled din of shouts, wild music, and discharges of artillery, to the house that had been prepared for him. ‘I cannot easily describe,’ says Count Gamba, ‘the emotions which such a scene excited. I could scarcely refrain from tears.’”—P. 711.

How strong were the hopes, which even those who watched him most observingly conceived from the whole tenor of his conduct since his arrival at Missolonghi, will appear from the following words of Colonel Stanhope, in one of his letters to the Greek committee.

“Lord Byron possesses all the means of playing a great part in the glorious revolution of Greece. He has talent; he professes liberal principles; he has money; and is inspired with fervent and chivalrous feelings. He has commenced his career by two good measures: 1st, by recommending union, and declaring himself of no party; and 2dly, by taking 500 Suliotes into pay, and acting as their chief. These acts cannot fail to render his lordship universally popular, and proportionally powerful. Thus advantageously circumstanced, his lordship will have an opportunity of realizing all his professions.”—P. 725.

All his great powers indeed were devoted to the cause of Greece and of humanity—his public munificence and his private charities, endeared him to all; while his firm, judicious, and discriminating conduct, served to reconcile disaffection and to disarm rivalry. Having learned that there were some Turkish prisoners in confinement at Missolonghi, he requested the government to place them at his disposal, that he might send them to Yussuff Pacha. In performing this act of humane policy, he transmitted, with the rescued captives, the following letter.

“TO HIS HIGHNESS YUSSUFF PACHA.

“Missolonghi, 23d Jan. 1824.

“HIGHNESS!—A vessel, in which a

13th day

friend and some domestics of mine were embarked, was detained a few days ago, and released by order of your highness. I have now to thank you; not for liberating the vessel, which, as carrying a neutral flag, and being under British protection, no one had a right to detain; but for having treated my friends with so much kindness while they were in your hands.

"In the hope, therefore, that it may not be altogether displeasing to your highness, I have requested the governor of this place to release four Turkish prisoners, and he has humanely consented to do so. I lose no time, therefore, in sending them back, in order to make as early a return as I could for your courtesy on the late occasion. These prisoners are liberated without any conditions: but, should the circumstance find a place in your recollection, I venture to beg, that your highness will treat such Greeks as may henceforth fall into your hands with humanity; more especially since the horrors of war are sufficiently great in themselves, without being aggravated by wanton cruelties on either side.

"NOEL BYRON."—P. 726.

"Lord Byron," says Colonel Stanhope, in a letter dated January 14th, "burns with military ardor and chivalry, and will accompany the expedition to Lepanto." In the latter end of the same month, it appears, his lordship received his regular commission from the government, as commander of the expedition.—P. 727. Some vexatious delays, and a revolt among the Suliotes, occurred to postpone the meditated attack, while the heavy rains prevented his accustomed exercise; and on the evening of the 15th of February he was seized with a convulsive fit. As soon as the paroxysm had in some measure passed, and "As soon as he could speak," says Count Gamba, "he showed himself perfectly free from all alarm; he very coolly asked whether his attack was likely to prove fatal. 'Let me know,' he said; 'do not think that I am afraid to die—I am not.'

\* \* \*

"Soon after his dreadful paroxysm, when faint with over-bleeding, he was lying on his sick-bed, with his whole nervous system completely shaken, the mutinous Suliotes, covered with dirt and splendid attires, broke into his apartment, brandishing their costly arms, and loudly demanding their wild rights. Lord Byron, electrified by this unexpected act, seemed to recover from his sickness; and the more the Suliotes raged, the more his calm courage triumphed. The scene," says an eye witness, "was truly sublime."—P. 734, 735. From his fit, which was indeed

but the precursor of his doom, he seemed completely to recover; but on the 10th of April he was attacked by a fever, which, at a quarter past six in the afternoon of the 19th, ended in his death!—P. 771. The sequel is well known: his body was brought to England, and—"It was on Friday, the 16th of July, that, in the small village church of Hucknell, the last duties were paid to the remains of Byron, by depositing them close to those of his mother in the family vault. Exactly on the same day in the same month, in the preceding year, he had said despondingly to Count Gamba, '*Where shall we be in another year?*'"

After all the efforts of calumny, and the rage for defamation, which have been so unjustly, yet so strenuously, exerted against Byron, how gratifying are the following declarations of his accomplished biographer—"That through life, with all his faults, *he never lost a friend* ;—that those about him in his youth, whether his companions, teachers, or servants, remained attached to him to the last;—that the woman to whom he gave the love of his maturer years, idolizes his name;—and that, with a single unhappy exception, scarce an instance is to be found of any one, once brought, however briefly, into relations of amity with him, that did not feel towards him a kind regard in life, and retain a fondness for his memory."—P. 807. And after the extreme moroseness and almost fiendish impatience of disposition which have been ascribed to him, how interesting will the following letters appear to those who delight in that amiable frankness and suavity of heart and manners which they evince:—

"Frome, Somerset, Nov. 21, 1821.

"MY LORD—More than two years since, a lovely and beloved wife was taken from me, by lingering disease, after a very short union. She possessed unvarying gentleness and fortitude, and a piety so retiring as rarely to disclose itself in words, but so influential as to produce uniform benevolence of conduct. In the last hour of life, after a farewell look on a lately born and only infant, for whom she had evinced inexpressible affection, her last whispers were, 'God's happiness! God's happiness!' Since the second anniversary of her decease, I have read some papers which no one had seen during her life, and which contain her most secret thoughts. I am induced to communicate to your lordship a passage from these papers which, there is no doubt, refers to yourself, as I have more than once heard the writer mention your agility on the rocks at Hastings.

"Oh, my God! I take encouragement from the assurance of thy word, to pray to Thee in behalf of one for whom I have lately been much interested. May the person to whom I allude (and who is now, we fear, as much distinguished for his neglect of Thee as for the transcendent talents Thou hast bestowed on him,) be awakened to a sense of his own danger, and led to seek that peace of mind in a proper sense of religion, which he has found this world's enjoyments unable to procure! Do Thou grant that his future example may be productive of far more extensive benefit than his past conduct and writings have been of evil; and may the sun of righteousness, which, we trust, will, at some future period, arise on him, be bright in proportion to the darkness of those clouds which guilt has raised around him, and the balm which it bestows, healing and soothing in proportion to the keenness of that agony which the punishment of his vices has inflicted on him! May the hope that the sincerity of my own efforts for the attainment of holiness, and the approval of my own love to the great Author of religion, will render this prayer, and every other for the welfare of mankind, more efficacious. Cheer me in the path of duty; but let me not forget that, while we are permitted to animate ourselves to exertion by every innocent motive, these are but the lesser streams which may serve to increase the current, but which, deprived of the grand fountain of good, (a deep conviction of inborn sin, and firm belief in the efficacy of Christ's death for the salvation of those who trust in him, and really wish to serve him,) would soon dry up, and leave us barren of every virtue as before. July 31, 1814. Hastings."

"There is nothing, my lord, in this extract which, in a literary sense, can *at all* interest you; but it may, perhaps, appear to you worthy of reflection, how deep and expansive a concern for the happiness of others the Christian faith can awaken in the midst of youth and prosperity. Here is nothing poetical and splendid, as in the expostulatory homage of M. de la Martine; but here is the *sublime*, my lord; for this intercession was offered, on your account, to the *Supreme Source* of happiness. It sprang from a faith more confirmed than that of the French poet; and from a charity which, in combination with faith, showed its power unimpaired amidst the languors and pains of approaching dissolution. I will hope that a prayer, which, I am sure, was deeply sincere, may not be always unavailing.

"It would add nothing, my lord, to the

fame with which your genius has surrounded you, for an unknown and obscure individual to express his admiration of it. I had rather be numbered with those who wish and pray, that 'wisdom from above,' and 'peace,' and 'joy,' may enter such a mind.

JOHN SHEPPARD."

"TO MR. SHEPPARD.

"Pisa, December 8, 1821.

"SIR—I have received your letter. I need not say that the extract which it contains has affected me, because it would imply a want of all feeling to have read it with indifference. Though I am not quite *sure* that it was intended by the writer for *me*, yet the date, the place where it was written, with some other circumstances that you mention, render the allusion probable. But for whomever it was meant, I have read it with all the pleasure which can arise from so melancholy a topic. I say *pleasure*—because your brief and simple picture of the life and demeanour of the excellent person whom, I trust, you will again meet, cannot be contemplated without the admiration due to her virtues, and her pure and unpretending piety. Her last moments were particularly striking; and I do not know that, in the course of reading the story of mankind, and still less in my observations upon the existing portion, I ever met with any thing so unostentatiously beautiful. Indisputably, the firm believers in the Gospel have a great advantage over all others—for this simple reason, that, if true, they will have their reward hereafter; and if there be no hereafter, they can be but with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an exalted hope through life, without subsequent disappointment, since (at the worst for them) 'out of nothing, nothing can arise,' not even sorrow. But a man's creed does not depend upon *himself*: who can say, *I will* believe this, that, or the other? and least of all that which he least can comprehend. I have, however, observed, that those who have begun life with extreme faith, have in the end greatly narrowed it, as Chillingworth, Clarke, (who ended as an Arian,) Bayle, and Gibbon, (once a Catholic,) and some others; while, on the other hand, nothing is more common than for the early sceptic to end in a firm belief, like Maupertius, and Henry Kirke White.

"But my business is to acknowledge your letter, and not to make a dissertation. I am obliged to you for your good wishes, and more than obliged by the extract from the papers of the beloved object whose qualities you have so well described in a few words. I can assure you that all the

fame which ever cheated humanity into higher notions of its own importance, would never weigh in my mind against the pure and pious interest which a virtuous being may be pleased to take in my welfare. In this point of view, I would not exchange the prayer of the deceased in my behalf for the united glory of Homer, Caesar, and Napoleon, could such be accumulated upon a living head. Do me at least the justice to suppose, that

‘ Video meliora proboque’

however the ‘deteriora sequor’ may have been applied to my conduct. I have the honour to be,

“ Your obliged and obedient servant,

“ BYRON.

“ P. S. I do not know that I am addressing a clergyman; but I presume that he will not be affronted by the mistake (if it is one) on the address of this letter. One who has so well explained, and deeply felt the doctrines of religion, will excuse the error which led me to believe him its minister.”—P. 560—563.

So contracted are our limits that we are compelled, however reluctantly, to conclude with the following description of the noble poet’s person.

“ The personal appearance of Lord Byron has been so frequently described, both by pen and pencil, that were it not the bounden duty of the biographer to attempt some such sketch, the task would seem superfluous. Of his face, the beauty may be pronounced to have been of the highest order, as combining at once regularity of features with the most varied and interesting expression. The same facility, indeed, of change observable in the movements of his mind was seen also in the free play of his features, as the passing thoughts within darkened or shone through them.

“ His eyes, though of a light grey, were capable of all extremes of expression, from the most joyous hilarity to the deepest sadness, from the very sunshine of benevolence to the most concentrated scorn or rage. Of this latter passion, I had once an opportunity of seeing what fiery interpreters they could be, on my telling him, thoughtlessly enough, that a friend of mine had said to me—‘ Beware of Lord Byron; he will, some day or other, do something very wicked.’ ‘ Was it man or woman said so?’ he exclaimed, suddenly turning round upon me with a look of such intense anger as, though it lasted not an instant, could not easily be forgot, and of which no better idea can be given than in the words of one who, speaking of Chatterton’s eyes, says that ‘ fire rolled at the bottom of them.’

“ But it was in the mouth and chin that the great beauty as well as expression of his fine countenance lay. ‘ Many pictures have been painted of him (says a fair critic of his features) with various success; but the excessive beauty of his lips escaped every painter and sculptor. In their ceaseless play they represented every emotion, whether pale with anger, curled in disdain, smiling in triumph, or dimpled with archness and love.’ It would be injustice to the reader not to borrow from the same pencil a few more touches of portraiture. ‘ This extreme facility of expression was sometimes painful, for I have seen him look absolutely ugly—I have seen him look so hard and cold, that you must hate him, and then, in a moment, brighter than the sun, with such playful softness in his look, such affectionate eagerness kindling in his eyes, and dimpling his lips into something more sweet than a smile, that you forgot the man, the Lord Byron, in the picture of beauty presented to you, and gazed with intense curiosity—I had almost said—as if to satisfy yourself, that thus looked the god of poetry, the god of the Vatican, when he conversed with the sons and daughters of man.’

“ His head was remarkably small—so much so as to be rather out of proportion with his face. The forehead, though a little too narrow, was high, and appeared more so from his having his hair (to preserve it, as he said,) shaved over the temples; while the glossy, dark-brown curls, clustering over his head, gave the finish to its beauty. When to this is added, that his nose, though handsomely, was rather thickly shaped, that his teeth were white and regular, and his complexion colourless, as good an idea perhaps as it is in the power of mere words to convey may be conceived of his features.

“ In height he was, as he himself has informed us, five feet eight inches and a half, and to the length of his limbs he attributed his being such a good swimmer. His hands were very white, and—according to his own notion of the size of hands as indicating birth—aristocratically small. The lameness of his right foot, though an obstacle to grace, but little impeded the activity of his movements; and from this circumstance, as well as from the skill with which the foot was disguised by means of long trowsers, it would be difficult to conceive a defect of this kind less obtruding itself as a deformity; while the diffidence which a constant consciousness of the infirmity gave to his first approach and address made, in him, even lameness a source of interest.” \* \* P. 798—800.

It is time that the maledictions of envy should cease, and that the exaggerations of calumnious falsehood should be heard no more—may his faults, and who is free from them?—be forgotten, if not lost amid the splendid virtues which eclipsed them!

“Thou art gone;

And he who would assail thee in thy grave,  
Oh, let him pause! For who among us all,  
Tried as thou wert—even from thine earliest years,

When wandering, yet unspoil'd, a highland boy—

Tried as thou wert, and with thy soul of flame;

Pleasure, while yet the down was on thy cheek,

Uplifting, pressing, and to lips like thine,  
Her charmed cup—ah, who among us all,  
Could say he had not err'd as much, and more!”

Rogers' *Italy*.

**DR. LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.** *A Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy.* By J. F. W. Herschell, Esq. M.A. London, 1831. Longman. This work opens by considering man as a creature of instinct, of reason, and speculation. The learned author then proceeds to state the general influence of scientific pursuits on the human mind—urging in a clear, forcible, and perspicacious manner, that such pursuits are highly calculated not only to expand and develop the intellectual, but the moral and religious character of man—that the study of the great and secret wonders of natural creation but elevate the mind to a contemplation of the infinite Creator—and that while they instruct and ameliorate, they form the sources of a pure and enlightened enjoyment.

The triple object of the work is to consider—

1. The nature and objects immediate and collateral of physical science, as regarded in itself, and in its application to the practical purposes of life, and its influence on the well-being and progress of society.

2. The principles on which it relies for its successful prosecution, and the rules by which a systematic examination of nature should be conducted, with examples illustrative of their influence.

3. The subdivision of physical science into distinct branches, and their mutual relations.

And notwithstanding the contracted space allotted to the consideration of these important subjects, the author has done them great justice, and there are few indeed who can refer to his pages without a considerable acquisition of knowledge: his infor-

mation is not only *extensive* as it regards science in general, but *minute* in the development of abstract points. And added to this, he possesses a delightful facility in leading on the mind to the investigation of his own comprehensive views, in language at once powerful and inviting. We are sorry that we are not, this month, able to treat this very useful volume at length, but we unhesitatingly recommend it to the notice of all those who are desirous of enriching their mental stores, or of improving their intellectual powers.

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**DR. LARDNER'S CABINET LIBRARY.** *Life of the Duke of Wellington.* Vol. I. Longman and Co.

This volume forms the first number of “Lardner's Cabinet Library,” and, we confess, does not quite meet our desires. The fine field which lies open to the biographer, in a detail of the adventures of our illustrious chief, has been already so well traversed by Elliot, Potter, and many more, that it would be difficult to find any new incident to relate. But to condense the narrations of other authors appears to have been Captain Sherer's main attempt, and in this he has naturally failed. There is, in the life of such a man, a concatenation of circumstances each so dependant on the other, that it is impossible to separate them without destroying the strength and virtue of the whole. To those readers, however, who require a pocket companion, and are fond of stray anecdotes referring to the most celebrated hero of the day, particularly when those anecdotes are well-attested facts, we would beg to recommend the work before us. The history commences with the Duke of Wellington's first commission as an ensign of infantry, in 1787, and is brought down to his appointment as Marshal-General of the Lusitanian Forces. The language is generally good, and the details given with clearness and perspicuity. The following description of the death of Sir John Moore may not be destitute of interest:—

“The battle was most furious near the village of Elvina, on the British right. In this quarter of the field Sir David Baird was severely wounded; and here, while earnestly watching the progress of the stern combat, Sir John Moore himself was struck upon the left breast by a cannon shot: it threw him from his horse; but, though the laceration was dreadful, it did not deprive him of his mental energy; he sat upon the ground and watched the battle. His eye was steadfast and intent, and it brightened as he saw that all went bravely and well. The soldiers now put him in a blanket to

carry him to the rear; as they did so the hilt of his sword struck upon his wound, and caused him a sudden pang. Captain Hardinge would have taken off the sword, but the general stopped him, saying, 'It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me!' With these words he was borne from the battle. It was a long way to the town, and the torture of the motion was great; but the expression of his countenance was calm and resolute, and he did not sigh. Several times he made his attendants stop, and turn him round, that he might gaze upon the field of battle.

"After he was laid down upon a couch in his lodgings, the pain of his wound increased. He spoke with difficulty, and at intervals. He often asked how the battle went; and being at last told that the enemy were defeated, he said instantly, 'It is a great satisfaction to me to know that we have beaten the French.' He was firm and composed to the last; once only, when speaking of his mother, he betrayed great emotion. 'You know,' said he, to his old friend Colonel Anderson, 'that I always wished to die this way!' The bitter agony of spirit which he had long endured was thus mournfully evidenced: 'I hope,' he exclaimed, 'the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!' These precious sentences were among the last he uttered; his sufferings were not long; he expired with the hand of Colonel Anderson pressed firmly in his own.

"There was a moon, but it gave only a wan and feeble light; for the weather was misty and chill. Soon after nightfall, the remains of Sir John Moore were quietly interred in the citadel of Corunna. Soldiers dug his grave; soldiers laid him in the earth. He was buried in his military cloak, and was left asleep, and alone, upon a bastion; a bed of honour well chosen for a hero's resting-place. This last duty done, the officers of his personal staff went on ship-board, 'in soldier's sadness, the silent mourning of men who knew no tears.'

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*THE SUNDAY LIBRARY; being a Selection of Sermons from the most eminent Divines of the Church of England: with Biographical Sketches. By the Rev. T. F. Dibdin, D.D.*

London, 1831. Longman and Co.

This well-timed and excellent compilation deserves a place in every Christian library. In a season of difficulty like the present, it is consolatory to observe the soldiers of our faith diligent in their duty, waving the pure standard of religion high above the

roaring storm of disaffection, and supporting those divine truths amid the chaos of insurrection, which appear to have dwindled into neglect, if, by many, they have not been regarded with abhorrence. The publication is of a cheap and commodious form, and will, we trust, circulate extensively. The names of Horne, Shuttleworth, Porteus, and Benson, form in themselves a sufficient recommendation; and that of the respected editor will not fail to carry with it, an assurance that the future numbers of the work (which are to appear occasionally,) will, like the present, be built on a basis EXCLUSIVELY ORTHODOX. We would recommend him, however, to avail himself rather more of modern discourses. The sermons of Horne and Shuttleworth, for example, are well known, both having passed through several editions. There are various living preachers of whose assistance he might avail himself with considerable advantage, and among them we would particularly notice the Rev. J. T. Judkins, of Somers Chapel, Seymour Street, whose principles, character, and eloquence, have combined to render him one of the brightest ornaments of his cloth.

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*LAYS FROM THE EAST. By Robert Calder Campbell. London, 1831. Smith, Elder, and Co.*

The poems here presented to the public, although introduced with a modest quotation from Cowper, hinting that the author is by no means satisfied with his own performance, have a kind of merit which entitles them to particular attention. At a period when the general taste in poetic composition is tending towards that laboured excellence which produces obscurity, it is pleasing to meet with a poet who, without sinking into prosaic feebleness, is distinguished by the chaste simplicity of his diction. The versification of these pieces is for the most part elegant and harmonious, although, by vain repetitions, they display a sameness of style which, as it can be easily corrected, had better be avoided in future. For example, we have one poem beginning, "My sister's bower—my sister's bower;" another, "I think on thee—I think on thee;" another, "When I was young—when I was young;" and so on, *usque ad nauseam*. These, with a few verbal inaccuracies, evidently the effects of carelessness, nearly make up the sum total of literary discrepancies, and we are happy to remark that the balance sheet is decidedly in favour of Mr. Campbell. The subjoined stanzas at page 119 are interesting, and we give them as a sample of the whole:—